



JOHN Earl of ROCHESTER

M. F. Gucht scul.

THE
WORKS
Of the EARLS of
ROCHESTER,
ROSCOMON,
DORSET, &c.

In Two VOLUMES.

Adorn'd with CUTS.



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S O M E
M E M O I R S
O F T H E
L I F E
O F
JOHN Earl of Rochester.

In a Letter to the Dutcheſs of Mazarine, by M. de St. Evremond.

AMONG the Wonders your Grace every Day performs, it is not perhaps the leaſt, Madam, of making me ſhake off that habitual Lazineſs I have contracted, which has almoſt begot an Averſion to Writing, eſpecially on ſuch a Subject, and to ſuch a
A 2 Reader,

Reader, both sufficient Checks to a Man who could consider any Thing but your Grace's Commands. No, Madam, your Desires are never to be disobey'd by me, however difficult the Task may prove which you impose, especially when I remember that your Grace has the most piercing Wit, as well as the most piercing Eyes in the World; yet that you have too much Justice to be severe on this Essay of my Obedience, not Presumption, because I chose rather to forfeit your good Opinion of my Understanding, than Respect. I am sensible that I take on me a Province far beyond my Capacity to execute; but I can venture at any Thing, rather than your Displeasure.

Perhaps your Grace may not expect that I should make you look back beyond those sprightly Hours of his Life, when he fir'd the Breasts of the Ladies with Love, and wounded those of Men with Envy. But, Madam, since you have set me a Task, I must perform it in all its Parts, according to the Methods of all those Gentlemen who have presented the World with the Lives of Heroes, who always begin with their Parentage and Birth, and thence lead you by Degrees into a thorough Acquaintance with their Spirit, Temper, and Life. Thus must I do, Madam, with this noble Lord, from his Birth to his early Death.

His

His Father was *Henry Lord Wilmot*, afterwards Earl of *Rochester*; a Man very eminent and renown'd in the *English* Histories of the late Civil Wars, for his Valour and Fidelity both to the Father and Son. This gain'd him the chief Confidence of King *Charles* the second, who entrusted his Person to him after the unfortunate Battel of *Worcester*; which Trust he discharg'd with so much Conduct, as well as Faith, that the King was convey'd out of *England* into *France* chiefly by his Care, Application, and Vigilance. This was his Father: And for the Mother of this Hero, she was of the ancient Family of the *St. Johns* of *Wiltshire*, and a Lady of equal Parts and Beauty, as I have been inform'd, and which I am induc'd to believe, Madam, because the more charming the Object of Love is, the more fierce are our Desires, and the greater Energy of Love in our Embraces. I may say of him with more Justice and Reason, what *Mr. Dryden* said of another,

*Whether, inspir'd by some diviner Lust,
His Father got him with a greater Gust.*

But leaving an Enquiry so nice, I return to my Subject, by informing your Grace, that of these two, *John Wilmot*, Earl of *Rochester*, Viscount *Athlone* in *Ireland*, and Baron *Adderbury* in *Oxfordshire*, was born at

Ditchley near *Woodstock*, in the same County, (and the Scene of many of his Pleasures, and of his Death) in the Year 1648, distinguish'd from other Years by two extraordinary Events, the Martyrdom of King *Charles* the first, by a prevailing Party of his Subjects, at his own Palace-Window, and the Birth of my Lord *Rocheſter*, as eminent for Wit and Gallantry, as that unfortunate King was for Piety and Religion. I will not here, Madam, enter into a Comparison of their ſeveral Merits, or of the Preference of what each excell'd in ; for notwithstanding the Opinion ſome have entertain'd of the Latitude of my Religious Principles, I muſt aſſure your Grace, I think there is no Comparison between them ; and all I ſhall ſay, is, that the King was fitter for that World to which he went from the Scaffold, and my Lord for that he enter'd from his Mother's Womb at the ſame Time.

My Lord's Father had the ill Fortune to reap none of the Rewards and Advantages of his Sufferings and Loyalty, becauſe he dy'd before the *Reſtauration* in 1660, leaving his Son, as the principal Part of his Inheritance, his Titles of Honour, and Merit of thoſe extraordinary Services which he had done the Crown. But the prudent Conduct of the Mother, ſupply'd the dotal Eſtate left by the Father ; for ſhe manag'd it with ſuch

such Address, that his Education was still preserv'd suitable to his Quality.

Here, Madam, were I to follow those famous Authors, who have given us the Lives of the ancient Heroes and Poets; I should entertain your Grace with the Scene of all the extraordinary Accidents, and pretty Events of his Childhood, not forgetting any of those little pert Sayings or Actions, that might be the Forerunners of that eminent Excellence which he discover'd when he came to Man's Estate. Nay, if all these important Affairs, by the Negligence of those who should have convey'd them to us, were lost, I should, to raise the Character of this Hero, give so necessary an Indulgence to Invention, as by that to form some wonderful and early Promises of his future Greatness. But not being so fond of my own Fancy, as to write fictitious Wonders of his Childhood; and all those that were real, being not to be found in the authentick Records of Time, I shall not presume to amuse your Grace with insipid Fables, that can neither entertain nor instruct; but only let you know, that he was so extremely docile, and made such an easy Progress in Learning, on his first Application to Letters at School, as discover'd the Seeds of that great Genius that afterwards appear'd more conspicuously in his riper Years: For there, among Boys, first shone those sprightly Parts

which afterwards dazzled the Eyes, and drew the Admiration of Men, and the Hearts of the Ladies.

We may venture to say, that at School it was that he laid such a Foundation of the *Latin* Tongue, and obtain'd so great a Mastery of it, that he never lost a true Taste of any sovereign Beauty of those great Authors of that Language in its most flourishing Age, I mean that of *Horace*, *Virgil*, *Ovid*, and the like; in which he found these transporting Pleasures, Madam, which cannot be convey'd to your Grace thro' any of the Translations we have; tho' the *French* have made greater Progress in that Art, and have apply'd themselves more to it than any other Nation whatever, that I know of. Whether it be that the Moderns want Genius to come up to the Energy and Excellence of the Ancients, or that great Part of the Charm of the ancient Poets be in the Expression, which it is impossible to preserve in any less perfect Language; and in spite of our Vanity, we must allow, that even the *French* cannot come up to the *Latin*, either in Strength, Harmony, or Copiousness. In short, Madam, no Pleasure can be so great to a Man of Sense, except it be your Grace's Conversation, which receives and gives fresh Force from and to the inevitable Charms of your Person.

If he began to lay the Foundation of Learning at School, he finish'd the Building on his Removal to the University of *Oxford*; where, in *Wadham* College, under the Tuition of Dr. *Blandford*, afterwards successively Bishop of *Oxford* and *Worcester*, and the more immediate Care of Mr. *Phineas Berry*, Fellow of that College, he gain'd all the Knowledge, the Gaiety of the Times, and that universal Spirit of Joy and Pleasure, which spread over all these fortunate Islands on the *Restoration*, would permit. For my Lord here, in the Arms of the Muses, and under the Restriction of a Tutor, form'd the first Accesses of Pleasure, so tempting and engaging to his Soul so adapted to them, that his Application to Study soon grew slack, and in a little Time so totally lost in the Pursuit of Joys more agreeable to his Inclination, that he never entertain'd any Thoughts of returning to his Studies, 'till the fine Address of his Governor, Dr. *Balfour*, in his Travels, by engaging him with Books suitable to his Inclinations, by degrees won him to those Charms which he had by a youthful Levity forsaken: Which being back'd by Reason more strong in him now, and a riper Taste of the Pleasures of Learning, which must win the Heart of a sensible Man; and these his Governor always took Care to place in so good a Light, that by degrees he made him perfectly in Love with Knowledge; in the

Pursuit of which, he always spent those Hours which he sometimes stole from the *Witty* and the *Fair*.

I do not at all doubt, Madam, but that your Grace is quite tir'd with this Part of his Lordship's Life, in which Love and Beauty had so little Share; you must, Madam, think these so many tedious Impertinencies; yet since you have oblig'd me to write a Life, you must undergo the Penance of those Modes and Forms which the Task your own Authority impos'd requires. He has all this While been cultivating those fine Parts, and nourishing that great Genius, which is now to appear in the Drawing-Room among the Ladies, with Force not inferior to their Eyes in their gayest Dawn, but of larger Extent in Duration and Power. 'Till now, he has been laying up a Fund for all that Spirit and Wit, which afterwards was the Terror of Knaves and Fools, and little Pretenders of all Sorts, and the Delight of the Witty, the Honest, and Meritorious.

He now, Madam, comes from Travel, at the early Age of Eighteen, when other more backward Gentlemen are scarce fit to set out. But my Lord was not to take Measures from the common Race of Men; he was distinguish'd sufficiently by Nature from most Men, who could therefore be no Rule to him. Arriving from Travel, his Quality,
his

his Spirit, and Inclination, soon led him to Court, with the Advantage of such Qualifications as few broughr thither: For his Person was graceful, though tall and slender, his Mien and Shape having something extremely engaging; and for his Mind, it discover'd Charms not to be withstood: His Wit was strong, subtil, sublime, sprightly: He was perfectly well bred, and adorn'd with a natural Modesty, which extremely became him. He was Master of both the ancient and modern Authors, as well as of all those in the modern *French* and *Italian*, to say nothing of the *English* which were worthy the Perusal of a Man of fine Sense. From all which he drew a Conversation so engaging, that none could enjoy without Admiration and Delight, and few without Love.

He had not been long at Court, when inspir'd with a Desire of shewing his Courage, he chose the Sea for the Scene of Action, and under the Earl of *Sandwich* and Sir *Edward Spragge*, he gave uncommon Proof of an intrepid Soul: However, he afterwards lost that Character in private Broils. But though there may very easily be a Reason assign'd for so great a Contrariety of Temper in the same Man, at different Times, on different Occasions, and in different Circumstances, yet the Disquisition is too Philosophical and Jejune to entertain

your Grace: Let it suffice to say, that we differ not from one another more than from our selves at different Times.

Having signaliz'd himself in War, he returns to Court, where Pleasure and Love kept their perpetual Rendezvous, under the auspicious Smiles of a Monarch made by Nature for all the Enjoyments of the most elegant Desires. Since his Travels, he had contracted a Temperance, which being in it self extraordinary in an Age so dissolute, was soon, though by insensible Degrees, laid aside, and a Loose given to all the Pleasures of the Court and Town, of Love and Wine; for both which he was qualify'd by Nature, having a strong Constitution, though by too frequent, and too continu'd Excesses, he broke it, and dy'd a young Man. As a Beauty owes her Ruin to her own Charms, so did my Lord's; for as Beauty draws a Crowd of Adorers, and makes every one press for a Joy that so few can grant; Importunity, Opportunity, Assiduity, and Variety of Objects, win the Fair to surrender a Jewel that cannot be restor'd. Thus the uncommon Charms of my Lord's Conversation, drew every Man of Taste to engage him with a Bottle, his pleasing Extravagance increasing with his Liquor, the Frolicks that inspir'd, affording Talk for the Town, as well as the Adventures in them, for some Time after. It was not indeed,
Madam,

Madam, however, for every Man to venture a Debauch with him; for a Jest and Diversion he would often hazard his Life; and that many would think paying too dear for his Conversation.

But he often mingled his Amours in his Frolicks, and cover'd the Extravagance of his Appetite under that of his Fancy. I will not hold your Grace long with any of these Adventures, nor shall I give you many of them, though I might a Thousand, because I will not swell my Account beyond the Bounds of a Letter.

His Talent of Satire was admirable, and in it he spar'd none, not even the King himself, whose Weakness for some of his Mistresses, he endeavour'd to cure by several Means; that is, either by winning them from him, in spite of the Indulgence and Liberality they felt from a Royal Gallant, or by severely Lampooning them and him on various Occasions; which generally the King (who was a Man of Wit and Pleasure, as well as my Lord) took for the natural Sallies of his Genius, and meant as Sports of Fancy, more than Efforts of Malice. Yet either by a too frequent Repetition, or a too close and poignant Violence, he banish'd him the Court for a Satire made directly on him.

The Duke of *Buckingham* being at this Time under Disgrace for Things of another Na-

Nature, they resolv'd to go in Search of Adventures; among many of which, this was one. There happens an Inn on *New-Market Road* to be let; they disguise themselves fit for the Persons they were to assume, and jointly take this Inn; in which each in his Turn officiates as Master. But this being not done, either for absconding from the Anger of the Sovereign, or the Sake of selling Ale, they soon set themselves to pursue the more pleasing Aim of their Ramble. They having observ'd such of the pretty Girls of the Country, as they fancy'd most, (they consider'd not whether Maids, Wives, or Widows) to gain Opportunities, they invited the Country, at least those Neighbours that had these Wives or Daughters, to frequent Feasts, where the Men were ply'd hard with good Liquor, and the Women sufficiently warm'd, to make but as little Resistance as would be agreeable to their Inclinations: Doubly qualifying both Sexes, the Men with Wine and other strong Liquor, and the Women with Love.

Your Grace must imagine, that this Sort of Life could not be of long Duration, because Feasts so common, and that without any Thing to pay, must give a shrewd Suspicion that the Hosts must soon break, or that they were of Circumstances that were not very agreeable to the Post they were in. This they were sensible of, nor much concern'd

cern'd about it, since they were seldom fond of long continuing the same Sort of Adventures; Variety being the Life of their Enjoyments. It was besides near the Time of his Majesty's going to *Newmarket*; when they design'd, that a Discovery of their real Plots should clear them from the Imputation of being concern'd in any more pernicious to his Majesty, and his easy Government. These two Conjunctions meeting, they thought themselves oblig'd to dispatch two important Adventures, which they had not yet been able to compass. There was an old covetous Hunk in the Neighbourhood, who had, notwithstanding his Age, got a very pretty young Wife: In the Poetical Age, she had been taken for one of the Wood-Nymphs; *Salmacis* was not more charming, nor more fit for the Joy. Her Husband was as watchful of her as of his Money; nor ever trusted her out of his Sight, but into the Hands of an old, ill-natur'd, ugly, hypocritical Sister, who having never experienc'd the Joys of Love, had the true Envy of an old Maid to all that were young and handsome. Our noble Hosts had no manner of Doubt of his accepting a Treat, for he had done many; loving a Debauch with all his Heart, when it cost him nothing, else the most temperate and abstemious Man alive; but then they could never prevail with him to bring his Wife along with

with him, notwithstanding they urg'd the Presence of so many good Wives of the Neighbourhood, to keep her Company. All their Study was then, how to charm the Dragon that he left behind to guard the delicious *Hesperian* Fruit, which he could neither eat himself, nor suffer any other to eat.

Such Difficulties as these, did not use to puzzle such Inventions. It was therefore agreed, that my Lord Rochester should be dress'd in Woman's Cloaths, and while the Husband was engag'd by my Lord Duke, and his good Liquor, he should go and try his Luck with the old Hypocrite at Home. He knew that she was a mighty Lover of a Dram of the Bottle, when she could come by it. With that *Viaticum* he marches, equip'd like a Country Lass, to the old Miser's House. Much ado he found Means to get Sight or Speech of the old Woman; but at last he obtain'd that Favour; when, perfect in all the Cant of those People, he began to tell the Occasion of his coming, and bantering her, in Hopes she would invite him in, but all in vain; he was admitted no farther than the Porch, with the House-Door just a-jar: At last, my Lord finding no other Way, rising up as going away, pretends himself in a Fit, and falls in at the Door: The Noise brings the young Wife to them, who with much ado persuades

swades her Keeper to help her into the House, in Respect to the Decorum of the Sex, and the unhappy Condition she was in. The Door had not been long shut, but by Degrees he comes to himself, and being set on a Chair, cants a very religious Thanksgiving through the Nose for the Humanity of the good old Gentlewoman; and begins to tell how deplorable her hard Fortune was to have such Fits, which often took her in the Street, and so made her liable to many Accidents; but every now and then, as a Relief, took a Sip of the Bottle, and recommended it to the old Woman, who was sure to drink a hearty Dram; and when offer'd the young Lass, she would stop the Bottle, and say, it was naught for young People, and the like; but it was more to save a larger Share to herself.

My Lord had another Bottle qualify'd with a little *Opium*, which would sooner accomplish his Desires, and lay the Dragon asleep. The next Time he drank off the former Bottle, and gave the Beldam the somniferous Liquor, which drinking with Greediness enough, she fell fast asleep. My Lord now fir'd with the Presence of the lovely Creature, which he had made so near Approaches to, was full of eager Desires, which made him often change Colour, and which made her imagine some Return
of

of his Fits, and asking the Question, my Lord reply'd, That if she would be so charitable to let him lye down on the Bed, he should soon recover. The good-natur'd Creature shew'd him the Way, and being laid down, and staying by him at his Request, he put her in Mind of her Condition, asking about her Husband, whom the young Woman painted in his true Colours, both up, and a bed, supposing she had only a Woman with her. By her Story, he found that a little Love would not be disagreeable, Opportunity, Revenge, and various Pleasures concurring. As soon as she had laid herself down by my Lord, pleas'd with his Conversation, his Lordship began to kiss her, embrace her, and to proceed farther. She was wonderfully surpriz'd at such Addresses from a Woman, but was soon made sensible by his Lordship, that he did not provoke without a Power of appeasing. In short, Madam, his Lordship was as happy as he could desire, and as long as he durst stay, for fear of the Husband's Return, and the Keeper's awaking.

But *Phillis* was unwilling to part with him, and resolv'd to escape from her Prison, where she had neither Pleasure nor Ease, to one where she promis'd herself abundance of both. My Lord was glad of the Opportunity, by which he not only gratify'd himself, but his Friend my Lord Duke likewise.

How-

However, she took Care of some Money, having long since resolv'd on a Flight, and being acquainted with the old Gentleman's Hoards, supply'd herself with one hundred and fifty Broad-Pieces, and march'd off with my Lord to the Inn about Midnight. They were to pass over three or four Fields before they reach'd it, and in the last they were very near falling into the Enemy's Hands, had he not call'd aloud to him that carry'd the Lanthorn; his Voice discovering him, our Adventurers struck down the Field out of the Path, and to be the more secure, lay down in the Grass. The Place, the Occasion, and the Person that was so near, put his Lordship in Mind of renewing his Pleasure in Sight of his Cuckold. The Nymph was no longer nice, and easily comply'd with any of his Desires. But not to detain your Grace any longer with this Story, he had the Damsel Home, convey'd her up Stairs to my Lord Duke's Bed, and there having laid her, retir'd, with a Promise of returning as soon as he could change his Cloaths, look after the Family, and the like.

But he having had his Ends already, sent up my Lord Duke in his Place, whom the ignorant and passive Nymph bore with equal Satisfaction. The Husband coming Home, finds his Doors open, his Sister asleep, his Wife fled, and his Money gone: After
raving

raving like a Mad-man, he hang'd himself. This News was soon spread about the Neighbourhood, and reach'd the Inn; where both Lovers, now as weary of their Purchase, as desirous of it before, adding to her Stock as much more, advise her to retire to *London*; and there, this Disgrace not being known, she might get another Husband; and that they intended soon to be there themselves. She follow'd their Advice; and so this Adventure ended. His Majesty soon after coming that Way, found them both in their Posts, and took them into Favour, and with him to *Newmarket*.

His Amours at Court are too well known to your Grace, to need my repeating of them. Besides, they are mingled too much with the Reputation of Ladies of Quality, to revive them. I cannot omit that Affair which my Lord had with the fine Miss *R—ts*, Mistress to the King, whom she left and refus'd, for the Possession of my Lord's Person and Heart, as she imagin'd: But he was soon cloy'd with the Enjoyment of any one Woman, tho' the fairest in the World, and forsook her. The Lady, after the first Indignation of her Passion was over, grew as indifferent, and consider'd how she should retrieve the King's Heart. The Occasion was luckily given her one Morning; while at her Window she was dressing, she saw the King coming by: She made haste down
with

with her Hair about her Ears, and threw herself at his Feet, implor'd his Pardon, and vow'd Constancy for the future. The good King, vanquish'd with the Sight, took her up, and protested no Man could see her, and not love, waited on her up to her Lodging, and there compleated the Reconciliation.

The Story of his Lordship's turning Mountebank, is in every Body's Mouth, and therefore would be superfluous to mention here. And now, judging my Discourse swell'd to a larger Bulk than I design'd it, having given your Grace a Specimen of his Humour in the Pursuit of odd Adventures, I shall draw to a Conclusion.

The continual Course of Drinking, and a perpetual Expence of Spirits in Love and Writing, had broken his Constitution, and brought him into a Consumption; of which, after a lingering Sickness, he dy'd at the Lodge in *Woodstock* Park, on the 26th of *July*, at Two in the Morning, without any Pangs at all, Nature being spent, and all the Food of Life quite gone, in the 33d Year of his Age.

As for his Repentance, and those Arguments produc'd by Dr. *Burnet*, I am apt to depend on his Veracity, notwithstanding some Reports to the contrary, tho' asserted with the Boldness which only belongs to Truth: For my Lord was a Master of too much

much Reason, to be an Atheist, or when he came calmly to consider, not to be a Christian, which must necessarily lead him to that Repentance the Doctor assures us of.

It may be here expected, that I should give a Character of his Lordship's Writings, his Genius, his Temper, and the like : But the first are so well defended already, that there is nothing left for me to add ; and it is so difficult a Matter to paint the latter, that I am afraid to attempt it. However, since it seems the Duty of this Task I have undertaken, I shall venture to add a few Words on both.

He had a Strength of Expression, and a Happiness of Thought peculiar to himself, and seems to me, of all the Moderns, to have come nearest the Ancients in Satire, scarce excepting our *Boileau* ; for tho' he be very correct, and has spar'd no Pains to dress the Satires of *Horace* in good *French*, yet it smells too much of the Lamp : Whereas, when any Thought of *Horace*, *Juvenal*, *Persius*, or *Boileau*, falls in my Lord's Verses, it is plainly his Lordship's, without any Marks of borrowing it from any other, the Spirit and Easiness of the whole being of a Piece. His looser Songs, and Pieces, too obscene for the Ladies Eyes, have their peculiar Beauties, and are indeed too dangerous to peruse ; for what would have render'd them nauseous, if they had been writ-

ten by a Genius less powerful, in him alarms the Fancy, and rouzes the Blood and Appetite more than all the Medicaments of *Cleopatra*. There are two Books in *Latin* that seem to be written with my Lord's Spirit, the Fragment of *Petronius*, and *Meursius* a Modern, where the Beauty of the Expression, and the Strength of the Spirit and Fancy, have given a Sort of Merit to Lewdness, which no other Writers could ever obtain.

As for his Lordship's Temper, it was various, as he was more or less inspir'd with Wine. He was an excellent Mimick, and in all his frolicksome Disguises, he so truly personated the Thing he would seem, that his most intimate Acquaintance could not discover the Imposture. The Pleasure he gave in his Conversation, was a Snare to him; for his Mirth increasing with his Liquor, many Persons of Quality of his Friends promoted the Glass to his Detriment, for their own Satisfaction. It is certain, that in his own natural Temper, that is, when he was himself, he was a good-natur'd Man, and had not that Allay of Malice, which in many Things he discover'd, when his natural Temper was perverted by a Debauch. He had a particular Pique to *Dryden*, after his mighty Success in the Town, either because he was sensible that he deserv'd not that Applause for his
Tra.

Tragedies, which the mad unthinking Audience gave them, (which Corruptness of Taste was afterwards something corrected by the Duke of *Buckingham's Rehearsal*) or whether it was out of Indignation of having any Rival in Reputation, either as a Poet in general, or a Satirist in particular; Satire, indeed, being one of the chief Excellencies of *Dryden*, as well as of my Lord *Rocheſter*. The Effect of this was discover'd by his Lordship's setting up *Crown* in Opposition to *Dryden*. He recommended him to the King, ordering him to make a Mask for the Court, when it was the Business of the Poet-Laureat. But when *Crown's Hieruſalem* had met with as wild and unaccountable Success as the *Almanzors*, his Lordship withdrew his Favours, as if he would be still in Contradiction to the Town, and, in that, perhaps he was generally in the right; for of all Audiences in polite Nations, perhaps there is not one that judges so very faſtly of the *Drama*, unless it be the *Spaniards*, who ſeem to have much the ſame wild injudicious Taſte, as the incomparable *Cervantes* has ſhewn in his *Don Quixot*. He was generally fickle in his Amours, and made no great Scruple of his Oaths of Fidelity. Sir *George Etherege* wrote *Dorimant* in Sir *Fopling*, in Compliment to him, as drawing his Lordship's Character, and burniſhing all the Foibles

of it, to make them shine like Perfections. In short, he was a Man of Wit and Pleasure, and would spare nothing that would shew and increase the first, and promote the last.

Thus, Madam, I have comply'd with your Grace's Desire; and if I have not given you diverting Relations enough of his Lordship, you must impute it to the Limits of a Letter, to which I was confin'd; but I am ready at any Time to write all I know, or that can conveniently be convey'd to your Grace's View. I am, Madam,

Your Grace's

Most Obedient,

Humble Servant.



A
C H A R A C T E R
O F T H E
E a r l o f R O C H E S T E R.

By Mr. W O L S E L Y.

THERE has not liv'd in many Ages, if ever, so extraordinary, and, I think I may add, so useful a Person, as most *English*-Men know my Lord *Rochester* to have been; whether we consider the constant good Sense, and the agreeable Mirth of his ordinary Conversation, or the vast Reach and Compass of his Invention, and the wonderful Depth of his retir'd Thoughts; the uncommon Graces of his Fashion, or the inimitable Turns of his Wit; the becoming Gentleness, the bewitching Softness of his Civility,

Civility, or the Force and Fitness of his Satire; for as he was both the Delight and Wonder of Men, the Love and the Dotage of Women, so he was a continual Curb to Impertinence, and the publick Cenfor of Folly. Never did Man stay in his Company unentertain'd, or leave it uninstructed; never was his Understanding byass'd, or his Pleasantness forc'd; never did he laugh in the wrong Place, or prostitute his Sense to serve his Luxury; never did he stab into the Wounds of fallen Virtue with a base and cowardly Insult, or smoothe the Face of prosperous Villany with the Paint and Washes of a mercenary Wit; never did he spare a Fop for being rich, or flatter a Knave for being great. As most Men had an Ambition (thinking it an indisputable Title to Wit) to be in the Number of his Friends, so few were his Enemies, but such as did not know him, or such as hated him for what others lov'd him; and never did he go among Strangers, but he gain'd Admirers, if not Friends, and commonly of such who had been before prejudic'd against him. Never was his Talk thought too much, or his Visit too long; Enjoyment did but increase Appetite, and the more Men had of his Company, the less willing they were to part with it. He had a Wit that could make even his Spleen and his ill Humour pleasant to his Friends; and

the publick chiding of his Servants, which would have been ill Breeding and intolerable in any other Man, became not only civil and inoffensive, but agreeable and entertaining in him: A Wit that could please the most morose, perswade the most obstinate, and soften the most obdurate; a Wit, whose Edge could ease by cutting, and whose Point could tickle while it prob'd; a Wit, that us'd to nip in the very Bud the growing Fopperies of the Times, and keep down those Weeds and Suckers of Humanity; nor was it an Enemy to such only as are troublesome to Men of Sense in Conversation, but to those also of a far worse Nature, that are destructive of publick Good, and pernicious to the common Interest of Mankind.

He had a Wit that was accompany'd with an unaffected Greatness of Mind, and a natural Love to Justice and Truth; a Wit that was in perpetual War with Knavery, and ever attacking those kinds of Vices most, whose Malignity was like to be most diffusive, such as tended more immediately to the Prejudice of publick Bodies, and were of a common Nuisance to the Happiness of Human Kind. Never was his Pen drawn but on the Side of good Sense, and usually employ'd, like the Arms of the ancient Heroes, to stop the Progress of arbitrary Oppression, and beat down the Brutishness of head-strong Will; to do his King and Country

try Justice, upon such publick State-Thieves, as would beggar a Kingdom to enrich themselves. These were the Vermin whom (to his eternal Honour) his Pen was continually pricking and goading; a Pen, if not so happy in the Success, yet as generous in the Aim, as either the Sword of *Theseus*, or the Club of *Hercules*; nor was it less sharp than that, or less weighty than this. If he did not take so much Care of himself as he ought, he had the Humanity, however, to wish well to others; and I think I may truly affirm, he did the World as much Good by a right Application of Satire, as he hurt himself by a wrong Pursuit of Pleasure.

I must not here forget, that a considerable Time before his last Sickness, his Wit began to take a more serious Bent, and to frame and fashion itself to publick Business. He began to inform himself of the Wisdom of our Laws, and the excellent Constitution of the *English* Government, and to speak in the House of Peers with general Approbation: He was inquisitive after all Kind of Histories that concern'd *England*, both ancient and modern, and set himself to read the Journals of Parliament Proceedings. In Effect, he seem'd to study nothing more, than which Way to make that great Understanding God had given him, most useful to his Country; and I am confident, had he liv'd, his riper Age would have serv'd

it, as much as his Youth had diverted it. Add to this the Generosity of his Temper, and the Affability of his good Sense; the Willingness he still shew'd to raise the Oppress'd, and the Pleasure he took to humble the Proud; the constant Readiness of his Parts, and that great Presence of Mind, that never let him want a fit and pertinent Answer to the most sudden and unexpected Question; a Talent as useful as 'tis rare. The admirable Skill he was Master of, to countermine the Plots of his Enemies, and break thro' the Traps that were laid for him; to work himself out of the Entanglement of unlucky Accidents, and repair the Indiscretions of his Youth, by the Quickness and Fineness of his Wit; the strange Facility he had to talk to all Capacities in their own Dialect, and make himself good Company to all Kind of People at all Times; so that if we would find a Soul to resemble that beautiful Portraiture of Man, with which *Lucretius* (according to his sublime Manner of Description) compliments his Friend *Memmius*, when he says, That *Venus*, the Goddess of Beauty, and second Cause of all Things, had form'd him to excel (and that upon all Occasions) in every necessary Grace and Virtue; I say, if we would justify this charming Picture, and clear it from Flattery, even to human Nature, we must set it by my Lord *Rochebester*.

Of

Earl of ROCHESTER. xxix

Of him it may be truly said in the fullest Sense of the Words,

— *Quem tu, Deus, Tempore in omni,
Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus.*

What last and most of all deserves Admiration in my Lord, was his Poetry, which alone is Subject enough for perpetual Panegyrick. But the Character of it is so generally known; it has so eminently distinguish'd itself from that of other Men, by a thousand irresistible Beauties; every Body is so well acquainted with it, by the Effect it has had upon them, that to trace and single out the several Graces, may seem a Task as superfluous, as to describe to a Lover the Lines and Features of his Mistress's Face. 'Tis sufficient to observe, that his Poetry, like himself, was all original; and has a Stamp so particular, so unlike any Thing that has been writ before, that as it disdain'd all servile Imitation, and copying from others, so neither is it capable (in my Opinion) of being copy'd, any more than the Manner of his Discourse could be copy'd; the Excellencies are too many and too masterly. On the other Side, the Faults are few, and those inconsiderable: Their Eyes must be better than ordinary, who can see the minute Spots with which so bright a Jewel is stain'd, or rather

ther set off; for those it has, are of the Kind which, *Horace* says, can never offend.

—— *Quas aut incuria fudit;
Aut humana parum cavit Natura.*

Such little Negligences as Humanity cannot be exempt from, and such as perhaps were necessary to make his Lines run natural and easy; for as nothing is more disagreeable, either in Verse or Prose, than a slovenly Looseness of Style; so, on the other Hand, too nice a Correctness will be apt to deaden the Life, and make the Piece too stiff. Between these two Extreams is the just Character of my Lord *Rochester's* Poetry to be found; it has every where a Tincture of that unaccountable Charm in his Fashion and Conversation, that peculiar Becomingness in all he said and did, that drew the Eyes and won the Hearts of all who came near him.

To conclude. The Applause of his Wit was so universal, and the Manner so agreeable, none ever disliked it, but those who feared it; none ever decry'd it, but those who envy'd it.



A
C H A R A C T E R
O F T H E
E a r l o f R O C H E S T E R .

* By Anthony à Wood.



H E was a Person of most rare Parts, and his natural Talent was excellent, much improv'd by Learning and Industry, being thoroughly acquainted with all *Classic Authors*, both *Greek* and *Latin*; a Thing very rare, if not peculiar to

B 5

to him, among those of his Quality. He knew also how to use them, not as other Poets have done, to translate or steal from, but rather to better and improve them by his natural Fancy. But the eager Tendency and violent Impulses of his natural Temper, unhappily inclining him to the Excesses of Pleasure and Mirth; which, with the wonderful Pleasantness of his inimitable Humour, did so far engage the Affections of the dissolute towards him, that, to make him delightfully venturous and frolicksome, to the utmost Degrees of riotous Extravagancy, they for some Years heighten'd his Spirits (inflam'd with Wine) into one almost uninterrupted Fit of Wantonness and Intemperance. ANDREW MARVEL, who was a good Judge of Wit, did use to say, That ROCHESTER was the only Man in England that had the true Vein of Satire. At length, after a short, but pleasant Life, this noble and beautiful Earl paid his last Debt to Nature, on the 26th of July 1680, and was bury'd the 9th of August in a Vault under the North-Isle joining to Spellesbury Church in Oxfordshire, by the Body of his Father HENRY, the Generous, Loyal, and Valiant Earl of Rochester. He left behind him a Son nam'd CHARLES, who dying upon the 12th of November 1681, was bury'd by his Father on the 7th of December following. He also left

Earl of ROCHESTER. xxxiii

left behind him three Daughters, nam'd ANNE, ELIZABETH, and MALET; so that the Male Line ceasing, his Majesty King CHARLES the Second conferr'd the Title of *Rochester*, on LAURENCE Viscount *Killingworth*, a younger Son of EDWARD Earl of CLARENDON.





A
 CHARACTER
 OF THE
 Earl of ROCHESTER.

*By the Reverend Mr. PARSONS. **

HIS Quality I shall take no Notice of, there being so much of what was excellent and extraordinary in this Great Person, that I have no Room for any Thing that is common to him with others.

A Wit he had, so rare and fruitful in its Invention, and withal so choice and delicate in its Judgment, that there is nothing wanting in his Composures to give a full Answer to that Question, *What and Where*
Wit

* See the Sermon by him preach'd at his Lordship's Funeral, pag. 6, 7, 8, 26.

Wit is? Except the Purity and Choice of Subject. Whoever reads his Composures, will find all Things in them so peculiarly great, new, and excellent, that he will easily pronounce, That tho' he has lent to many others, yet he has borrow'd of none; and that he has been as far from a sordid Imitation of those before him, as he will be from being reach'd by those that follow him.

In his other Personal Accomplishments, in all the Perfections of a Gentleman for the Court or the Country, he was known by all Men to be a very great Master. He declar'd, That *that absurd and foolish Philosophy, which the World so much admir'd, propagated by the late Mr. HOBBS, and others, had undone him, and many more of the best Parts in the Nation.*

From the Breasts of his Mother, the University, he first suck'd those Perfections of Wit, and Eloquence, and Poetry, which afterwards, by his own corrupt Stomach, or some ill Juices after, were turn'd into Poison to himself and others; which certainly can be no more a Blemish to those illustrious Seminaries of Piety and good Learning, than a disobedient Child is to a wise and virtuous Father, or the Fall of Man to the Excellency of Paradise.



A
 CHARACTER
 OF THE
 Earl of ROCHESTER.

By Dr. BURNET.*



HIS noble Lord appear'd at Court with as great Advantages as most ever had. He was a graceful and well shap'd Person, tall, and well made, if not a little too slender: He was exactly well bred, and what by a modest Behaviour

* See, Some Passages of the Life and Death of *John Earl of Rochester*, pag. 6, 7, 8, 14, 25, 26, 27, 28, 159.

viour natural to him, what by a Civility become almost as natural, his Conversation was easy and obliging.

He had a strange Vivacity of Thought, and Vigour of Expression: His Wit had a Subtilty and Sublimity both, that were scarce imitable. His Style was clear and strong: When he us'd Figures, they were very lively, and yet far enough out of the common Road. He had made himself Master of the ancient and modern Wit, and of the modern *French* and *Italian*, as well as the *English*. He lov'd to talk and write of *speculative Matters*, and did it with so fine a Thread, that even those who hated the Subjects that his Fancy ran upon, yet could not but be charm'd with his Way of treating of them. BOILEAU among the *French*, and COWLEY among the *English* Wits, were those he admir'd most. Sometimes other Men's Thoughts mix'd with his Composures; but that flow'd rather from the Impressions they made on him when he read them, by which they came to return upon him as his own Thoughts, than that he servilely copy'd from any. For few Men ever had a bolder Height of Fancy, more steadily govern'd by Judgment, than he had: No Wonder a young Man so made, and so improv'd, was very acceptable in a Court.

He laid out his Wit very freely in *Libels* and *Satires*, in which he had a peculiar
Ta-

Talent of mixing his Wit with his Malice, and fitting both with such apt Words, that Men were tempted to be pleas'd with them. From thence his *Composures* came to be easily known; for few had such a Way of tempering these together as he had: So that when any Thing extraordinary that Way came out, as a Child is father'd sometimes by its Resemblance, so was it laid at his Door as its Parent and Author.

He would often go into the Country, and be for some Months wholly employ'd in Study, or the Sallies of his Wit, which he came to direct chiefly to *Satire*. And this he often defended to me, by saying, there were some People that could not be kept in Order, or admonish'd but in this Way.

For his other Studies, they were divided between the comical and witty Writings of the Ancients and Moderns, the *Roman* Authors, and Books of Physick; which the ill State of Health he was fall'n into, made more necessary to himself.

In his later Years, he read Books of History more. He took Pleasure to disguise himself, as a Porter, or as a Beggar; sometimes to follow some mean Amours, which, for the Variety of them, he affected: At other Times, meerly for Diversion, he would go about in odd Shapes, in which he acted his Part so naturally, that even those who were in the Secret, and saw him in these Shapes,

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Shapes, could perceive nothing by which he might be discover'd.

He dy'd in the three and thirtieth Year of his Age. Nature had fitted him for great Things, and his Knowledge and Observation qualify'd him to have been one of the most extraordinary Men, not only of his Nation, but of the Age he liv'd in : And I do verily believe, that if God had thought fit to have continu'd him longer in the World, he had been the Wonder and Delight of all that knew him.



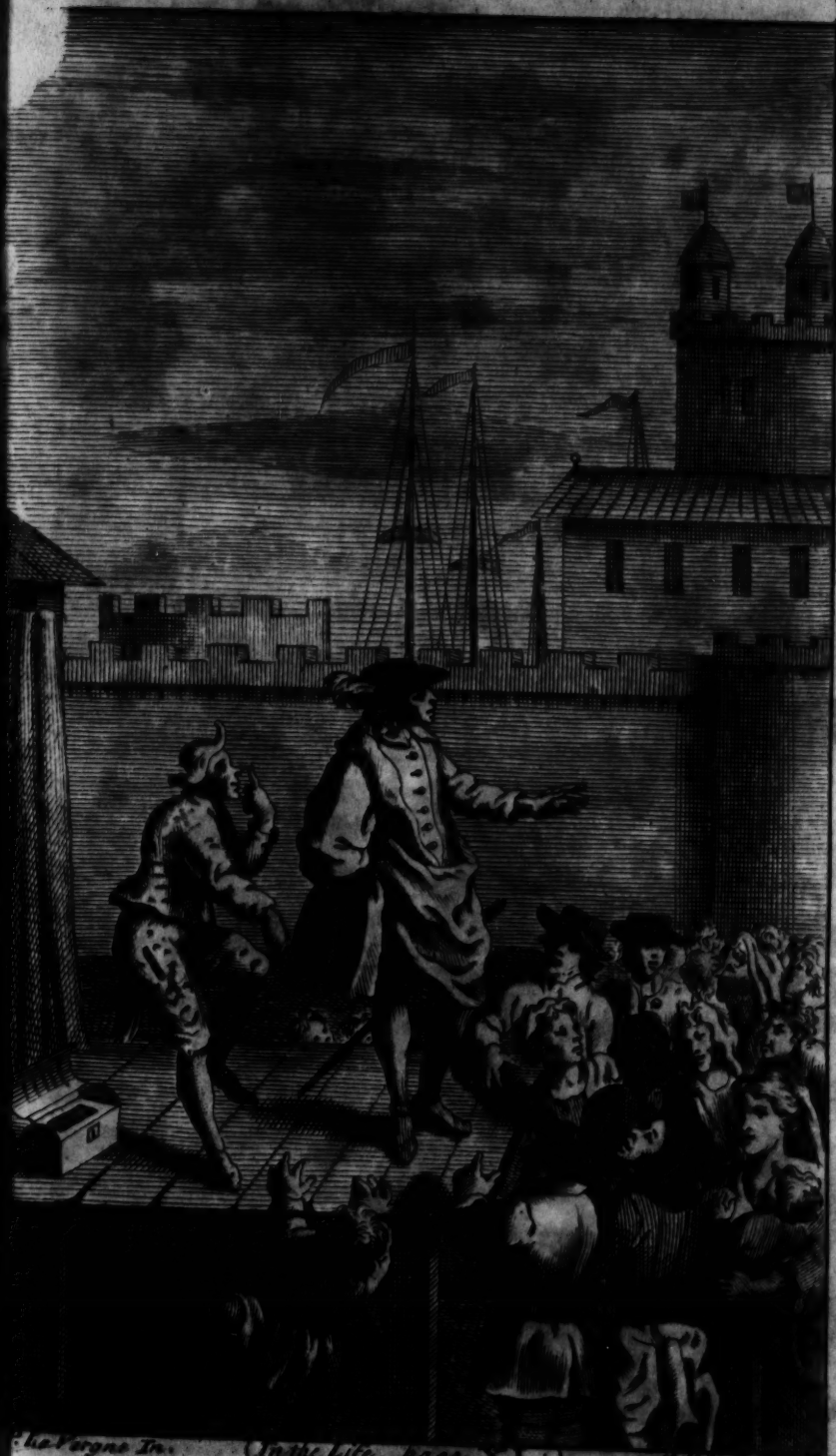
To

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To all Gentlemen, Ladies, and others,
whether of City, Town, or Country,
ALEXANDER BENDO wisheth all
Health and Prosperity.

W Hereas this Famous Metropolis of
England; (and were the Endeavours of its worthy Inhabitants equal
to their Power, Merit, and Virtue,
I should not stick to denounce it, in a short Time,
the Metropolis of the whole World,) Whereas,
I say, this City, (as most great Ones are) has
ever been infested with a numerous Company of
such, whose arrogant Confidence, back'd with
their Ignorance, has enabled them to impose upon
the People, either by premeditated Cheats, or,
at best, the palpable, dull, and empty Mistakes
of their self-deluded Imagination in Physick,
Chymical and Galenick; in Astrology, Physiogno-
my, Palmestry, Mathematicks, Alchymy, and
even



the Vergne In.

(In the Life, page 21.)

del. & engr. Jo.



even in Government it self : The last of which, I will not propose to discourse of, or meddle at all in, since it no way belongs to my Trade or Vocation, as the rest do ; which (Thanks to my God) I find much more safe, I think, equally honest, and therefore more profitable.

But as to all the former, they have been so erroneously practis'd by many unlearned Wretches, whom Poverty and Neediness for the most Part, (if not the restless Itch of Deceiving) has forc'd to straggle and wander in unknown Paths, that even the Professions themselves, tho' originally the Products of the most learned and wise Mens laborious Studies and Experience, and by them left a wealthy and glorious Inheritance for Ages to come, seem, by this Bastard-Race of Quacks and Cheats, to have been run out of all Wisdom, Learning, Perspicuousness, and Truth, with which they were so plentifully stock'd ; and now run into a Repute of meer Mists, Imaginations, Errors, and Deceits, such as, in the Management of these idle Professors, indeed they were.

You will therefore, (I hope) Gentlemen, Ladies, and others, deem it but just, that I, who for some Years have with all Faithfulness and Assiduity courted these Arts, and receiv'd such signal Favours from them, that they have admitted me to the happy and full Enjoyment of themselves, and trusted me with their greatest Secrets, should, with an Earnestness and Concern more than ordinary, take their Parts against these impudent Fops, whose saucy, impertinent

Addresses

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Addresses and Pretensions, have brought such a Scandal upon their most immaculate Honours and Reputations,

Besides, I hope you will not think I could be so impudent, that if I had intended any such foul Play my self, I would have given you so fair Warning, by my severe Observations upon others. Qui alterum inculcat Probri, ipsum se intueri oportet. (Plant.) However, Gentlemen, in a World like this, where Virtue is so exactly counterfeited, and Hypocrisy so generally taken Notice of, that every one (arm'd with Suspicion) stands upon his Guard against it, 'twill be very hard, for a Stranger especially, to escape Censure. All I shall say for my self on this Score, is this ; If I appear to any one like a Counterfeit, even for the Sake of that chiefly, ought I to be constru'd a true Man. Who is the Counterfeit's Example ? His Original, and that which he employs, his Industry and Pains to imitate and copy Is it therefore my Fault, if the Cheat, by his Wits and Endeavours, makes himself so like me, that consequently I cannot avoid resembling him ? Consider, pray, the Valiant, and the Coward ; the wealthy Merchant, and the Bankrupt ; the Politician, and the Fool ; they are the same in many Things, and differ but in one alone. The valiant Man holds up his Head, looks confidently round about him, wears a Sword, courts a Lord's Wife, and owns it : So does the Coward. One only Point of Honour, and that's Courage, which, (like false Metal,

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one only Tryal can discover) makes the Distinction.

The Bankrupt walks the Exchange, buys Bargains, draws Bills, and accepts them with the Richest, whilst Paper and Credit are current Coin : That which makes the Difference is real Cash ; a great Defect indeed, and yet but one, and that the last found out, and still, 'till then, the least perceiv'd.

Now for the Politician, he is a grave, deliberating, close, prying Man : Pray, are there not grave, deliberating, close, prying Fools ?

If then the Difference betwixt all these (tho' infinite in Effect) be so nice in all Appearance; will you expect it should be otherwise betwixt the false Physician, Astrologer, &c. and the true ? The first calls himself learned Doctor, sends forth his Bills, gives Physick and Counsel, tells and foretells ; the other is bound to do just as much : 'Tis only your Experience must distinguish betwixt them, to which I willingly submit my self. I'll only say something to the Honour of the Mountebank, in case you discover me to be one.

Reflect a little what kind of Creature 'tis : He is one then who is fain to supply some higher Ability he pretends to with Craft ; he draws great Companies to him by undertaking strange Things, which can never be effected. The Politician, (by his Example no doubt) finding how the People are taken with specious miraculous Impossibilities, plays the same Game, protests, declares, promises I know not what ; Things, which

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which he is sure can never be brought about. The People believe, are deluded, and pleas'd; the Expectation of a future Good, which shall never besal them, draws their Eyes off a present Evil. Thus are they kept and establish'd in Subjection, Peace, and Obedience; he in Greatness, Wealth, and Power. So you see the Politician is, and must be, a Mountebank in State-Affairs; and the Mountebank, no doubt, if he thrives, is an errant Politician in Physick. But that I may not prove too tedious, I will proceed faithfully to inform you, what are the Things in which I pretend chiefly, at this Time, to serve my Country.

First, I will (by the Leave of God) perfectly cure that Labes Britannica, or Grand English Disease, the Scurvy, and that with such Ease to my Patient, that he shall not be sensible of the least Inconvenience, whilst I steal his Distemper from him. I know there are many, who treat this Disease with Mercury, Antimony, Spirits, and Salts, being dangerous Remedies, in which I shall meddle very little, and with great Caution; but by more secure, gentle, and less fallible Medicines, together with the Observation of some few Rules in Diet, perfectly cure the Patient, having freed him from all the Symptoms, as Looseness of the Teeth, Scorbutick Spots, Want of Appetite, Pains and Lassitude in the Limbs and Joints, especially the Legs. And to say true, there are few Distempers in this Nation that are not, or at least proceed

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proceed not originally from the Scurvy; which, were it wellrooted out, (as I make no Question to do it from all those who shall come into my Hands) there would not be heard of so many Gouts, Aches, Dropsies, and Consumptions; nay, even those thick and slimy Humours, which generate Stones in the Kidneys and Bladder, are for the most part Off-springs of the Scurvy. It would prove tedious to set down all its malignant Race; but those who address themselves here, shall be still inform'd by me of the Nature of their Distempers, and the Grounds I proceed upon to their Cure: So will all reasonable People be satisfy'd, that I treat them with Care, Honesty, and Understanding; for I am not of their Opinion, who endeavour to render their Vocations rather mysterious than useful and satisfactory.

I will not here make a Catalogue of Diseases and Distempers; it behoves a Physician, I am sure, to understand them all; but if any one come to me (as I think there are very few that have escap'd my Practice) I shall not be asham'd to own to my Patient where I find my self to seek; and, at least, he shall be secure with me from having Experiments try'd upon him; a Privilege he can never hope to enjoy, either in the Hands of the grand Doctors of the Court and Town, or in those of the lesser Quacks and Mountebanks.

It is thought fit, that I assure you of great Secrecy, as well as Care in Diseases, where it is requisite,

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requisite, whether Venereal or other; as some peculiar to Women, the Green-Sickness, Weaknesses, Inflammations, or Obstructions in the Stomach, Reins, Liver, Spleen, &c. for I would put no Word in my Bill that bears any unclean Sound, it is enough that I make my self understood. I have seen Physicians Bills as bawdy as Aretine's Dialogues, which no Man, that walks warily before God, can approve of; but I cure all Suffocations in those Parts producing Fits of the Mother, Convulsions, nocturnal Inquietudes, and other strange Accidents, not fit to be set down here, perswading young Women very often, that their Hearts are like to break for Love, when God knows, the Distemper lies far enough from that Place.

I have likewise got the Knowledge of a great Secret, to cure Barrenness, (proceeding from any accidental Cause, as it often falls out, and no natural Defect; for Nature is easily assisted, difficultly restor'd, but impossible to be made more perfect by Man, than God himself had at first created and bestow'd it;) which I have made Use of for many Tears with great Success, especially this last Tear, wherein I have cur'd one Woman that had been marry'd twenty Tears, and another that had been marry'd one and twenty Tears, and two Women that had been three times marry'd; as I can make appear by the Testimonies of several Persons in London, Westminster, and other Places thereabouts. The Medicines I use, cleanse and strengthen the Womb, and are all to be taken
in

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in the Space of seven Days. And because I do not intend to deceive any Person, upon Discourse with them, I will tell them whether I am like to do them any Good. My usual Contract is, to receive one Half of what is agreed upon, when the Party shall be quick with Child, the other Half when she is brought to Bed.

Cures of this Kind I have done signal and many; for the which, I doubt not but I have the good Wishes and hearty Prayers of many Families, who had else pin'd out their Days under the deplorable and reproachful Misfortunes of barren Wombs, leaving plentiful Estates and Possessions to be inherited by Strangers.

As to Astrological Predictions, Physiognomy, Divination by Dreams, and otherwise, (Palmestry I have no Faith in, because there can be no Reason alledg'd for it) my own Experience has convinc'd me more of their considerable Effects, and marvellous Operations, chiefly in the Directions of future Proceedings, to the avoiding of Dangers that threaten, and laying hold of Advantages that might offer themselves; I say, my own Practice has convinc'd me more than all the sage and wise Writings extant of those Matters; for I might say this for my self, (did it not look like Ostentation) that I have very seldom fail'd in my Predictions, and often been very serviceable in my Advice. How far I am capable in this Way, I am sure is not fit to be deliver'd in Print: Those who have no Opinion of the Truth of this Art, will not, I sup-

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pose, come to me about it; such as have, I make no Question of giving them ample Satisfaction.

Nor will I be asham'd to set down here my Willingness to practise rare Secrets, (tho' somewhat collateral to my Profession) for the Help, Conservation, and Augmentation of Beauty and Comeliness; a Thing created at first by God, chiefly for the Glory of his own Name, and then for the better Establishment of mutual Love between Man and Woman; for when God had bestow'd on Man the Power of Strength and Wisdom, and thereby render'd Woman liable to the Subjection of his absolute Will, it seem'd but requisite that she should be endu'd likewise, in Recompence, with some Quality that might beget in him Admiration of her, and so enforce his Tenderness and Love.

The Knowledge of these Secrets, I gather'd in my Travels abroad, (where I have spent my Time ever since I was fifteen Tears old, to this my nine and twentieth Tear) in France and Italy. Those that have travell'd in Italy, will tell you to what a Miracle Art does there assist Nature in the Preservation of Beauty; how Women of Forty bear the same Countenance with those of Fifteen: Ages are no ways distinguish'd by Faces; whereas here in England, look a Horse in the Mouth, and a Woman in the Face, you presently know both their Ages to a Tear. I will therefore give you such Remedies, that, without destroying your Complexion, (as most of
your

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your Paints and Daubings do) shall render them purely fair, clearing and preserving them from all Spots, Freckles, Heats, Pimples, and Marks of the Small-Pox, or any other accidental ones, so the Face be not seam'd or scarr'd.

I will also cleanse and preserve your Teeth white and round as Pearls, fastening them that are loose: Your Gums shall be kept entire, as red as Coral; your Lips of the same Colour, and soft as you could wish your lawful Kisses.

I will likewise administer that which shall cure the worst of Breaths, provided the Lungs be not totally perish'd and imposthumated; as also certain and infallible Remedies for those whose Breaths are yet untainted; so that nothing but either a very long Sickness, or Old-Age it self, shall ever be able to spoil them.

I will besides (if it be desir'd) take away from their Fatness who have overmuch, and add Flesh to those that want it, without the least Detriment to their Constitutions.

Now, should Galen himself look out of his Grave, and tell me these were Bawbles below the Profession of a Physician, I would boldly answer him, That I take more Glory in preserving God's Image, in its unblemish'd Beauty, upon one good Face, than I should do in patching up all the decay'd Carcasses in the World.

They that will do me the Favour to come to me, shall be sure, from three of the Clock in

1 Alexander Bendo's Speech.

the Afternoon, 'till eight at Night, at my Lodgings in Tower-street, next Door to the Sign of the Black Swan, at a Goldsmith's House, to find

Their humble Servant,

ALEXANDER BENDO.



A



 The Scene of his Lordship's Life, and all his Pieces, being written in the Reign of King CHARLES the second, we thought it would neither be improper, nor unacceptable to the Publick, to insert the Character of that Prince, as it is excellently drawn by the late Duke of Buckingham.

A SHORT
CHARACTER
OF
King CHARLES II.

 HAVE pitch'd upon this Character of King Charles the second, not for his being a King, nor my having had the Honour to serve him; the first of these would be too vulgar a Consideration, and the other too particular. But I think it a Theme of
C 3 great

great Variety; and whatever is wanting in the Writer, may, I hope, be recompenc'd in the Agreeableness of the Subject; which is sometimes enough to recommend a Picture, tho' ill drawn; and to make a Face one likes, oftner look'd on, than the best Piece of *Raphael*.

To begin then, according to Custom, with his Religion, which (since his Death) hath made so much Noise in the World: I yet dare confidently affirm it to have been only that which is vulgarly, tho' unjustly, counted none at all, I mean *Deism*. And this uncommon Opinion he ow'd more to the Liveliness of his Parts, and Carelessness of his Temper, than either to Reading, or much Consideration; for his Quickness of Apprehension, at first View, could discern thro' the several Cheats of pious Pretences; and his natural Laziness confirm'd him in an equal Mistrust of them all, for fear he should be troubled with examining which was best.

If in his early Travels, and late Designs, he seem'd a little byass'd to one Sort of Religion; the first is only to be imputed to a certain Easiness of Temper, and a Complaisance for that Company he was then forc'd to keep; and the last was no more than his being tir'd (which he soon was in any Difficulty) with those bold Oppositions in Parliament; which made him almost
throw

throw himself into the Arms of a *Roman-Catholick* Party, so remarkable of late for their Loyalty; who embrac'd him gladly, and lull'd him asleep with those enchanting Songs of Sovereignty and Prerogative, which the best and wisest Princes are often unable to resist.

And tho' he engag'd himself on that Side more fully, at a Season when 'tis in vain, and too late to dissemble, we ought less to wonder at it, than to consider that our very Judgments are apt to grow, in Time, as partial as our Affections; and thus, by Accident only, he became of their Opinion in his Weaknesses, who had so much endeavour'd always to contribute to his Power.

He lov'd Ease and Quiet, to which his unnecessary Wars are so far from being a Contradiction, that they are rather a Proof of it, since they were made only to comply with those Persons whose Dissatisfaction would have prov'd more uneasy to one of his Humour, than all that distant Noise of Cannon which he would often listen to with a great deal of Tranquillity. Besides, the great and almost only Pleasure of Mind he seem'd addicted to, was Shipping and Sea-Affairs; which seem'd to be so much his Talent for Knowledge, as well as Inclination, that a War of that Kind was rather

an Entertainment, than any Disturbance to his Thoughts.

If he did not go himself at the Head of so magnificent a Fleet, 'tis only to be imputed to that Eagerness of Military Glory in his Brother; which, under a Shew of a decent Care for preserving the Royal Person from Danger, engross'd all that Sort of Honour to himself, with as much Jealousy of any other's interposing in it, as a King of another Temper would have had of his. 'Tis certain no Prince was ever more fitted by Nature for his Country's Interest, than he was in all his maritime Inclinations; which might have prov'd of sufficient Advantage to this Nation, if he had been as careful of depressing all such Improvements in *France*, as of advancing and encouraging our own; but it seems he wanted Jealousy in all his Inclinations, which leads us to consider him in his Pleasures.

In these he was rather abandon'd, than luxurious; and, like our Female Libertines, apter to be perswaded into Debauches for the Satisfaction of others, than to seek, with Choice, where most to please himself. I am of Opinion also, that in his later Times, there was as much of Laziness as of Love, in all those Hours he pass'd among his Mistresses; who, after all, only serv'd to fill up his Seraglio, while

while a bewitching Kind of Pleasure call'd Sauntering, and talking without any Constraint, was the true *Sultana Queen* he delighted in.

He was surely inclin'd to Justice; for nothing else would have retain'd him so fast in the Succession of a Brother, against a Son he was so fond of, and the Humour of a Party which he so much fear'd. I am willing also to impute to his Justice, whatever seems in some Measure to contradict the general Opinion of his Clemency; as his suffering always the Rigour of the Law to proceed, not only against all Highway-men, but also several others; in whose Cases the Lawyers, according to their wonted Custom, had sometimes us'd a great deal of Hardship and Severity.

His Understanding was quick and lively in little Things, and sometimes would soar high enough in great ones, but unable to keep it up with any long Attention or Application. Witty in all Sorts of Conversation; and telling a Story so well, that, not out of Flattery, but the Pleasure of hearing it, we seem'd ignorant of what he had repeated to us ten Times before; as a good Comedy will bear the being often seen. Of a wonderful Mixture; losing all his Time, and setting his whole Heart upon the fair Sex; yet neither angry with Rivals, nor in the least nice as to their being

belov'd; and while he sacrific'd all Things to his Mistresses, he would use to grudge and be uneasy at their losing a little of it again at Play, tho' never so necessary for their Diversion; nor would he venture five Pounds at Tennis to those Servants, who might obtain as many Thousands, either before he came thither, or as soon as he left off.

Full of Dissimulation, and very *adroit* at it; yet no Man easier to be impos'd on; for his great Dexterity was in coustening himself, by gaining a little one Way, while he lost ten times as much another; and by caressing those Persons most, who had deluded him the oftenest; and yet the quickest in the World at spying such a Ridicule in another.

Easy and good-natur'd. to all People in Trifles; but in great Affairs severe and inflexible; in one Week's Absence quite forgetting those Servants, to whose Faces he could hardly deny any Thing. In the Midst of all his Remissness, so industrious and indefatigable upon some particular Occasions, that no Man would either toil longer, or be able to manage it better.

He was so liberal, as to ruin his Affairs by it; for Want in a King of *England* turns Things just upside down, and exposes a Prince to his People's Mercy. It did yet worse in him; for it forc'd him also to depend

pend on his Great Neighbour in *France*, who play'd the Broker with him sufficiently in all those Times of Extremity. Yet this Profuseness of his did not so much proceed from his overvaluing those he favour'd, as from his undervaluing any Sums of Money which he did not see; tho' he found his Error in this, but, I confess, a little of the latest.

He had so natural an Aversion to all Formality, that with as much Wit as most Men ever had, and as majestick a Mien, yet he could not, on Premeditation, act the Part of a King for a Moment, either in Parliament or in Council, either in Words or Gesture; which carry'd him into the other Extream, (more inconvenient of the two for a Prince) of letting all Distinction and Ceremony fall to the Ground, as useless and foppish.

His Temper, both of Body and Mind, was admirable; which made him an easy generous Lover, a civil obliging Husband, a friendly Brother, an indulgent Father, and a good-natur'd Master. If he had been as solicitous about improving the Faculties of his Mind, as he was in the Management of his bodily Health; tho', alas! this prov'd unable to make his Life long, that had not fail'd to make it famous.

He was an illustrious Exception to all the common Rules of Physiognomy; for with a most *Saturnine* harsh sort of Countenance, he was both of a merry and a merciful Disposition; and in the last thirty Years of his Life, as fortunate as those of his Father had been dismal and tumultuous. If his Death had some Appearance of being untimely, it may be partly imputed to his extream healthy Constitution; which made the World as much surpriz'd at his dying before Threescore, as if nothing but an ill Accident could have kill'd him.

I would not say any Thing on so sad a Subject, if I did not think that Silence itself would in such a Case signify too much; and therefore, as an impartial Writer, I am oblig'd to observe, that the most knowing, and the most deserving of all his Physicians, did not only believe him poyson'd, but thought himself so too, not long after, for having declar'd his Opinion a little too boldly.

But here I must needs take Notice of an unusual Piece of Justice, which yet all the World has almost unanimously agreed in; I mean, in not suspecting his Successor of the least Connivence at so horrid a Villany; and perhaps there is hardly a more remarkable Instance of that invincible Power of Truth and Innocence: For
it

it is next to a Miracle, that so unfortunate a Prince, in the midst of all those Advantages he lies under, should be yet clear'd of this, even by his greatest Enemies, notwithstanding all those Circumstances that us'd to give a Suspicion, and that extreme Malice which has of late attended him in all his other Actions.





A
PASTORAL
ON THE
DEATH
OF THE
Earl of ROCHESTER.

By Mr. FLATMAN.

I.

AS on his Death-bed gasping STREPHON lay,
STREPHON the Wonder of the Plains,
The noblest of th' *Arcadian* Swains,

STREPHON the Bold, the Witty, and the Gay:
With many a Sigh, and many a Tear, he said,
Remember me, ye Shepherds, when I'm dead.

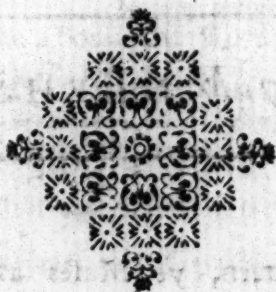
II. Ye

II.

Ye trifling Glories of this World, adieu,
And vain Applauses of the Age:
For when we quit this earthly Stage,
Believe me, Shepherds, for I tell you true,
Those Pleasures which from virtuous Deeds we have,
Procure the sweetest Slumbers in the Grave.

III.

Then since your fatal Hour must surely come,
Surely your Heads lie low as mine,
Your bright Meridian Sun decline;
Beseech the mighty *PAIN* to guard you Home:
If to *Elizium* you would happy fly,
Live not like *STREPHON*, but like *STREPHON* die.





ON THE
DEATH

Of the late
Earl of ROCHESTER.

By Mrs. BEHN.

Mourn, mourn, ye Muses all, your Loss ^{(plore,} de-
The young, the noble *Srephon* is no more.
Yes, yes, he fled quick as departing Light,
And ne'er shall rise from Death's eternal Night :
So rich a Prize the *Stygian* Gods ne'er bore,
Such Wit, such Beauty, never grac'd their Shore :

the Earl of ROCHESTER. *lxiii*

He was but lent this duller World t'improve
In all the Charms of Poetry and Love :
Both were his Gifts, which freely he bestow'd,
And like a God, dealt to the wond'ring Crowd,
Scorning the little Vanity of Fame,
Spight of himself attain'd a glorious Name.
But oh ! in vain was all his peevish Pride ;
The Sun as soon might his vast Lustre hide,
As piercing, pointed, and more lasting bright,
As suffering no Vicissitudes of Night.

Mourn, mourn, ye Muses all, your Loss deplore,
The young, the noble *Strephon* is no more.

Now uninspir'd upon your Banks we lie,
Unless when we wou'd mourn his Elegy.
His Name's a Genius that wou'd Wit dispense,
And give the Theme a Soul, the Words a Sense.
But all fine Thought, that ravish'd when it spoke,
With the soft Youth eternal Leave has took :
Uncommon Wit, that did the Soul o'ercome,
Is bury'd all in *Strephon's* worship'd Tomb.
Satire has lost its Art, its Sting is gone,
The Fop and Cully now may be undone ;
That dear instructing Rage is now allay'd,
And no sharp Pen dares tell 'em how they've stray'd :

lxiv POEMS on the Death of

Bold as a God was ev'ry Lash he took,
But kind and gentle the chastising Stroke.

(betray'd,
Mourn, mourn, ye Youths, whom Fortune has
The last Reproacher of your Vice is dead.

Mourn, all ye Beauties, put your Cypress on,
The truest Swain that e'er ador'd you's gone. (spoke ;
Think how he lov'd, and writ, and sigh'd, and
Recal his Mien, his Fashion, and his Look.
By what dear Arts the Soul he did surprize,
Soft as his Voice, and charming as his Eyes.
Bring Garlands all of never-dying Flow'rs,
Bedew'd with everlasting falling Show'rs ;
Fix your fair Eyes upon your victim'd Slave,
Sent gay and young to his untimely Grave.
See where the noble Swain extended lies,
Too sad a Triumph of your Victories ;
Adorn'd with all the Graces Heav'n e'er lent ;
All that was great, soft, lovely, excellent, }
You've laid into his early Monument.

Mourn, mourn, ye Beauties, your sad Loss deplore,
The young, the charming *Strephon* is no more.

Mourn, all ye little Gods of Love, whose Darts
Have lost their wonted Pow'r of piercing Hearts ;

the Earl of ROCHESTER. lxxv

Lay by the gilded Quiver and the Bow,
The useleſs Toys can do no Miſchief now :
Thoſe Eyes that all your Arrows Points inſpir'd,
Thoſe Lights that gave you Fire, are now retir'd,
Cold as his Tomb, pale as your Mother's Doves :
Bewail him then, oh ! all ye little Loves !
For you the humbleſt Votary have loſt
That ever your Divinities could boaſt.
Upon your Hands your weeping Heads recline,
And let your Wings encompaſs round his Shrine ;
Inſtead of Flow'rs, your broken Arrows ſtrow,
And at his Feet lay the neglected Bow.

Mourn, all ye little Gods, your Loſs deplore,
The ſoft, the charming *Strephon* is no more.

Large was his Fame, but ſhort his glorious Race ;
Like young *Lucretius*, liv'd and dy'd apace.
So early Roſes fade, ſo over all
They caſt their fragrant Scents, then ſoftly fall ;
While all the ſcatter'd perfum'd Leaves declare,
(fair.
How lovely 'twas when whole, how ſweet, how
Had he been to the *Roman* Empire known,
When Great *Augustus* fill'd the peaceful Throne ;
Had he that noble wond'rous Poet ſeen,
And known his Genius, and ſurvey'd his Mien,
(When Wits and Heroes grac'd Divine Abodes)
He had increas'd the Number of their Gods ;

IXVI POEMS on the Death of

The Royal Judge had Temples rear'd to's Name,
And made him as immortal as his Fame.

In Love and Verse his *Ovid* he'ad outdone,
And all his Laurels, and his *Julia* won.

Mourn, mourn, unhappy World, his Loss deplore,
The great, the charming *Strepson* is no more.



the Earl of ROCHESTER. lxxvii



ON THE
DEATH
OF THE
Earl of ROCHESTER.

By an unknown Hand.

(can express
WHAT Words, what Sense, what Night-piece
The World's Obscurity and Emptiness?
Since *Rochester* withdrew his vital Beams
From the great *Chaos*, fam'd for high Extreams,
The Hero's Talent, or in Good or Ill,
Dull Mediocrity-misjudging still.

Seraphic

lxviii POEMS *on the Death of*

Seraphic Lord ! whom Heav'n for Wonders meant,
The earliest Wit, and the most sudden Saint.

What tho' the Vulgar may traduce thy Ways,
And strive to rob thee of thy moral Praise ?

If, with thy Rival *Solomon's* Intent,
Thou sh'd'st a little for Experiment ;

Or to maintain a Paradox, which none
Had Wit to answer, but thy self alone.

Thy Soul flew higher ; that strict sacred Tie
With thy Creator, Time was to desery.

Thus pregnant Prophets us'd uncommon Ways,

Play'd their wild Pranks, and made the Vulgar ^{(gaze,}

'Till their great Message came to be declar'd :

They sin in Types, that sin so unprepar'd :

An unexpected Change attracts all Eyes ;

They needs must conquer, that can well surprize.

Now Lechers, whom the Pox could ne'er convert,

Know where to fix a restless rambling Heart.

^{(Drink,}
Drunkards, whose Souls, not their sick Maws, love
Confound their Glasses, and begin to think.

The Atheist now has nothing left to say ;

His Arguments were lent for Sport, not Prey.

Like Guns to Clowns, or Weapons to rash Boys,

Resum'd again for Mischief, or for Noise.

the Earl of ROCHESTER. lxiX

The Spark cries out now e'er he is aware,
(Making an Oath a Prologue to a Pray'r)
Rochester said 'twas true! It must be so!
He had no Dispensation from below.
Thy dying Words (than thousands of Harangues,
Urg'd with Grimaces, fortify'd with Bangs
On dreadful Pulpit) have made more recant,
Than Plague, or War, or penitential Want.
A Declaration so well tim'd, has gain'd
More Profelytes than e'er thy Wildness feign'd;
Mad Debauchees, whom thou didst but allure
With pleasant Baits, and tempt 'em to their Cure.
Satan joy'd to see thee take his Part,
His Malice not so prosp'rous as thy Art.
He took thee for his Pilot to convey
Those easy Souls he spirited away.
But to his great Confusion saw thee shift
Thy swelling Sails, to take another Drift,
With an illustrious Train, imputed his,
To the bright Region of eternal Bliss.
So have I seen a prudent Gen'ral act,
Whom Fate had forc'd with Rebels to contract
A hated League, fight, vote, adhere, obey,
Own the vile Cause as zealously as they;

lxx POEMS *on the Death of, &c.*

Suppress the loyal Side, and pull all down,
With unresisted Force, that prop'd the Crown :
But when he found out the propitious Hour
To quit his Mask, and own his Prince's Pow'r ;
Boldly asserted his great Sov'reign's Cause,
And brought three Kingdoms to his Master's Laws.



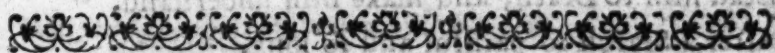
THE







THE
WORKS
OF THE
Earl of ROCHESTER.



A SATIRE against MAN.

WERE I (who, to my Cost, already am
One of those strange prodigious Creatures, Man)
A Spirit free to chuse, for my own Share,
What Case of Flesh and Blood I'd please to wear,
I'd be a Dog, a Monkey, or a Bear,
Or any Thing, but that vain Animal,
Who is so proud of being rational.
His Senses are too gross, and he'll contrive
A sixth, to contradict the other five;
And before certain Instinct, will prefer
Reason, which fifty times for one does err.

The WORKS of

Reason, an *Ignis fatuus* in the Mind,
Which leaving Light of Nature (Sense) behind,
Pathless and dang'rous wand'ring Ways it takes
Thro' Errors fenny Boggs, and thorny Brakes;
Whilst the misguided Follower climbs with Pain
Mountains of Whimfies heap'd in his own Brain;
Stumbling from Thought to Thought, falls head-long (down
Into Doubt's boundless Sea, where, like to drown,
Books bear him up a while, and make him try
To swim with Bladders of Philosophy;
In Hopes still to o'ertake the skipping Light,
The Vapour dances in his dazling Sight,
'Till spent, it leaves him to eternal Night. }
Then old Age and Experience, Hand in Hand,
Lead him to Death, and make him understand,
After a Search so painful and so long,
That all his Life he has been in the Wrong.
Huddled in Dirt, the reas'ning Engine lies,
Who was so proud, so witty, and so wise.
Pride drew him in, as Cheats their Bubbles catch,
And make him venture to be made a Wretch.
His Wisdom did his Happiness destroy,
Aiming to know what World he should enjoy;
And Wit was his vain frivolous Pretence
Of pleasing others at his own Expence:
For Wits are treated just like common Whores;
First they're enjoy'd, and then kick'd out of Doors.
The Pleasure past, a threat'ning Doubt remains,
That frights th'Enjoyer with succeeding Pains.

the Earl of ROCHESTER.

3

Women and Men of Wit are dang'rous Tools,
And ever fatal to admiring Fools.

Pleasure allures ; and when the Fops escape,
'Tis not that they're belov'd, but fortunate ;
And therefore what they fear, at least they hate.

But now methinks some formal Band and Beard
Takes me to task. Come on, Sir, I'm prepar'd.

Then, by your Favour, any Thing that's writ
Against this gibing, jingling Knack, call'd Wit,
Likes me abundantly ; but take you care,
Upon this Point, not to be too severe.

Perhaps my Muse were fitter for this Part ;

For I profess I can be very smart

On Wit, which I abhor with all my Heart.

I long to lash it in some sharp Essay ;

But your grand Indiscretion bids me stay,

And turns my Tide of Ink another Way.

What Rage ferments in your degenerate Mind,

To make you rail at Reason and Mankind ?

Bless'd, glorious Man, to whom alone kind Heav'n

An everlasting Soul has freely given ;

Whom his great Maker took such Care to make,

That from himself he did the Image take,

And this fair Frame in shining Reason dress'd,

To dignify his Nature above Beast.

Reason, by whose aspiring Influence,

We take a Flight beyond material Sense ;

Dive into Mysteries, then soaring, pierce

The flaming Limits of the Universe ;

*Search Heav'n and Hell, find out what's acted there,
And give the World true Grounds of Hope and Fear.*

Hold, mighty Man, I cry, all this we know
From the pathetick Pen of *Ingelo* ; *

† From *Patrick's* Pilgrim, *Stillingfleet's* Replies ;

And 'tis this very Reason I despise ;

This supernat'ral Gift, that makes a *Mite*

Think he's the Image of the *Infinite* ;

Comparing his short Life, void of all Rest,

To the *Eternal* and the ever *Blest*.

This busy puzzling Stirrer up of Doubt,

That frames deep *Mysteries*, then finds 'em out ;

Filling with frantick Crowds of thinking *Fools*,

Those rev'rend *Bedlams*, *Colleges*, and *Schools* ;

Born on whose Wings, each heavy *Sot* can pierce

The Limits of the boundless Universe.

So charming Ointments make an old *Witch* fly,

And bear a crippled Carcass thro' the Sky.

'Tis this exalted Pow'r, whose Bus'ness lies

In *Nonsense* and *Impossibilities*.

This made a whimsical *Philosopher*

Before the spacious *World* his *Tub* prefer ;

And we have modern *cloyster'd* *Coxcombs*, who

Retire to Think, 'cause they have nought to do :

But Thoughts are giv'n for Action's Government ;

Where Action ceases, Thought's impertinent.

Our

* *Dr. Ingelo writ a divine Romance call'd Benthivolio and Urania.*

† *Bishop Patrick writ a Book entitled, The Parable of the Pilgrim.*

Our Sphere of Action is Life's Happiness;
 And he who thinks beyond, thinks like an Ass.
 Thus whilst against false Reas'ning I inveigh,
 I own right Reason, which I would obey;
 That Reason that distinguishes by Sense,
 And gives us Rules of Good and Ill from thence;
 That bounds Desires with a reforming Will,
 To keep 'em more in Vigour, not to kill.
 Your Reason hinders, mine helps to enjoy,
 Yours would renewing Appetites destroy.
 My Reason is my Friend, yours is a Cheat;
 Hunger calls out, my Reason bids me eat;
 Perversly yours your Appetite does mock,
 This asks for Food, that answers, What's a Clock?
 This plain Distinction, Sir, your Doubt secures;
 'Tis not true Reason I despise, but yours.
 Thus I think Reason righted; but for Man,
 I'll ne'er recant, defend him if you can;
 For all his Pride, and his Philosophy,
 'Tis evident, Beasts are in their Degree
 As wise at least, and better far than he.
 Those Creatures are the wisest, who attain,
 By surest Means, the Ends at which they aim.
 If therefore *Fowler* finds and kills his Hare,
 Better than *Meers* supplies Committee-Chair;
 Tho' one's a Statesman, t'other but a Hound,
Fowler in Justice will be wiser found.
 You see how far Man's Wisdom here extends;
 Look next, if human Nature makes amends,

Whose Principles most gen'rous are, and just,
And to whose Morals you would sooner trust,
Be Judge your self, I'll bring it to the Test,
Which is the basest Creature, Man or Beast.
Birds feed on Birds, Beasts on each other prey ;
But savage Man alone does Man betray.
Press'd by Necessity, they kill for Food ;
Man undoes Man, to do himself no Good.
With Teeth and Claws by Nature arm'd, they hunt
Nature's Allowance, to supply their Want :
But Man with Smiles, Embraces, Friendships, Praise,
Inhumanly his Fellow's Life betrays ;
With voluntary Pains works his Distress,
Not thro' Necessity, but Wantonness.
For Hunger, or for Love, they bite or tear,
Whilst wretched Man is still in Arms for Fear ;
For Fear he arms, and is of Arms afraid ;
From Fear to Fear successively betray'd.
Base Fear, the Source whence his best Passions came,
His boasted Honour, and his dear-bought Fame ;
That Lust of Pow'r, to which he's such a Slave,
And for the which alone he dares be brave ;
To which his various Projects are design'd,
Which makes him gen'rous, affable, and kind ;
For which he takes such Pains to be thought wise,
And screws his Actions in a forc'd Disguise,
Leading a tedious Life in Misery,
Under laborious mean Hypocrisy.
Look to the Bottom of his vast Design,
Wherein Man's Wisdom, Pow'r, and Glory join,

the Earl of ROCHESTER

7

The Good he acts, the Ill he does endure,
'Tis all for Fear, to make himself secure.
Merely for Safety after Fame we thirst;
For all Men would be Cowards, if they durst;
And Honesty's against all common Sense;
Men must be Knaves, 'tis in their own Defence.
Mankind's dishonest, if you think it fair;
Amongst known Cheats to play upon the Square,
You'll be undone. ———
Nor can weak Truth your Reputation save,
The Knaves will all agree to call you Knave.
Wrong'd shall he live, insulted o'er, oppress'd,
Who dares be less a Villain than the rest.
Thus, Sir, you see what human Nature craves,
Most Men are Cowards, all Men should be Knaves.
The Difference lies (as far as I can see)
Not in the Thing it self, but the Degree;
And all the subject Matter of Debate,
Is only, who's a Knave of the first Rate.

All this with Indignation have I hurl'd
At the pretending Part of the proud World,
Who swoln with selfish Vanity, devise
False Freedoms, holy Cheats, and formal Lies,
Over their Fellow-Slaves to tyrannize.

But if in Court so just a Man there be,
(In Court a just Man! yet unknown to me)
Who does his needful Flattery direct,
Not to oppose and ruin, but protect;
Since Flattery, which Way soever laid,
Is still a Tax on that unhappy Trade.

If so upright a Statesman you can find,
 Whose Passion bends to his unbias'd Mind;
 Who does his Arts and Policies apply
 To raise his Country, not his Family;
 Nor while his Pride known Avarice withstands,
 Receives base Bribes from Friends corrupted Hands.

Is there a Church-man, who on God relies,
 Whose Life his Faith and Doctrine justifies?
 Not one, blown up with vain prelatick Pride,
 Who for Reproof of Sins, does Man deride;
 Whose envious Heart makes Preaching a Pretence,
 With his obstrep'rous sawcy Eloquence,
 To chide at Kings, and rail at Men of Sense;
 Who from his Pulpit vents more peevish Lies,
 More bitter Railings, Scandals, Calumnies,
 Than at a Gossipping are thrown about,
 When the good Wives get drunk, and then fall out.
 None of the sensual Tribe, whose Talents lie
 In Avarice, Pride, Sloth, and Gluttony;
 Who hunt good Livings, but abhor good Lives;
 Whose Lust exalted, to that Height arrives,
 They act Adultery with their own Wives;
 And e'er a Score of Years compleated be,
 Can from the lofty Pulpit proudly see
 Half a large Parish their own Progeny.
 Nor doating *Bishop*, who would be ador'd
 For domineering at the Council-Board;
 A greater Fop in Business at Fourscore,
 Fonder of serious Toys, affected more

Than

the Earl of ROCHESTER. 19

Than the gay glitt'ring Fool at twenty proves,
With all his Noise, his taudry Cloaths and Loves.

But a meek humble Man, of honest Sense,
Who preaching Peace, does practise Continnence;
Whose pious Life's a Proof he does believe

Mysterious Truths, which no Man can conceive.

If upon Earth there dwell such Godlike Men,
I'll here recant my Paradox to them;

Adore those Shrines of Virtue, Homage pay,

And with the Rabble World their Laws obey:

If such there are, yet grant me this at least,

Man differs more from Man, than Man from Beast.



D. 5

HORACE'S



HORACE's Tenth SATIRE of the
first Book, imitated.

Nempe incomposito dixi pede currere versus
Lucili.

WELL, Sir, 'tis granted, I said DRYDEN's Rhimes
Are stolen, unequal, nay, dull, many Times.
What foolish Patron is there found of his,
So blindly partial, to deny me this?
But that his Plays, embroider'd up and down
With Wit and Learning, justly please the Town,
In the same Paper I as freely own.
Yet having this allow'd, the heavy Mass
That stuffs up his loose Volumes, must not pass;
For by that Rule, I might as well admit
CROWN's tedious Scenes for Poetry and Wit.
'Tis therefore not enough, when the false Sense
Hits the false Judgment of an Audience
Of clapping Fools assembling, a vast Crowd,
'Till the throng'd Play-house crack with the dull Load.
Tho' ev'n that Talent merits, in some sort,
That can divert the Rabble and the Court;

Tho'

the Earl of ROCHESTER. II

Which blund'ring SETTLE never could attain,
And puzzling OTWAY * labours at in vain.
But within due Proportion circumscribe
Whate'er you write, that with a flowing Tide
The Stile may rise, yet in its Rise forbear,
With uselefs Words t'oppress the weary'd Ear.
Here be the Language lofty, there more light,
Your Rhetorick with your Poetry unite;
For Elegance Sake, sometimes allay the Force
Of Epithets, 'twill soften the Discourse.

A Jest in Scorn points out, and hits the Thing
More home, than the morosest Satire's Sting.

SHAKESPEAR and JOHNSON did in this excel,
And might herein be imitated well;

Whom refin'd ETHEREGE copies not at all,
But is himself a mere Original.

Nor that slow Drudge in swift *Pindaric* Strains,
FLATMAN, who COWLEY imitates with Pains,
And rides a jaded Muse, whipt, with loose Reins. }

When LEE makes temp'rate SCIPIO fret and rave,
And HANNIBAL a whining am'rous Slave,

I laugh, and with the hot-brain'd Fustian Fool
In BUSBY's Hands, to be well lash'd at School.

Of all our modern Wits, none seems to me
Once to have touch'd upon true COMEDY,
But hasty SHADWELL, and slow WYCHERLEY. }

SHADWELL's unfinish'd Works do yet impart
Great Proofs of Force of Nature, none of Art;

* *In his Comedy.*

With just bold Strokes he dashes here and there,
 Shewing great Mastery with little Care;
 And scorns to varnish his good Touches o'er,
 To make the Fools and Women praise him more.

But WYCHERLEY earns hard what'er he gains;
 He wants no Judgment, and he spares no Pains;
 He frequently excels, and at the least
 Makes fewer Faults than any of the rest.

WALLER, by Nature for the Bays design'd,
 With Force, and Fire, and Fancy, unconfin'd,
 In *Panegyric* does excel Mankind.

He best can turn, inforce, and soften Things,
 To praise great Conquerors, and flatter Kings.
 For pointed *Satire* I would BUCKHURST chuse,
 The best good Man, with the worst-natur'd Muse.

For Songs and Verses mannerly obscene,
 That can stir Nature up by Springs unseen,
 And without forcing Blushes, warm the Queen.

SIDLEY has that prevailing gentle Art,
 That can with a resistless Charm impart
 The loosest Wishes to the chaste Heart;
 Raise such a Conflict, kindle such a Fire
 Betwixt declining Virtue and Desire;

That the poor vanquish'd Maid dissolves away
 In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all Day.
 DRYDEN in vain try'd this nice Way of Wit,
 For he to be a tearing Blade thought fit;
 But when he would be sharp, he still was blunt,
 To frisk and frolick Fancy, he'd cry —;

Would

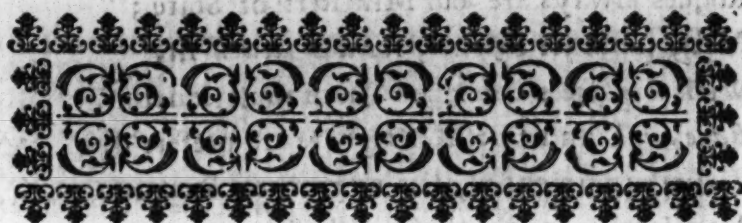
Would give the Ladies a dry bawdy Bob ;
 And thus he got the Name of Poet *Squab* ;
 But to be just, 'twill to his Praise be found,
 His Excellencies, more than Faults, abound ;
 Nor dare I from his sacred Temples tear
 The Lawrel, which he best deserves to wear.
 But does not DRYDEN find even JOHNSON dull ?
 BEAUMONT and FLETCHER incorrect, and full
 Of *lewd Lines*, as he calls 'em ? SHAKESPEAR's Stile
 Stiff and affected ? To his own, the while
 Allowing all the Justice that his Pride
 So arrogantly had to these deny'd ?
 And may not I have Leave impartially
 To search and censure DRYDEN's Works, and try
 If those gross Faults his dull Pen does commit,
 Proceed from Want of Judgment, or of Wit ?
 Or if his lumpish Fancy does refuse
 Spirit and Grace to his loose flattern Muse ?
 Five hundred Verses ev'ry Morning writ,
 Prove him no more a Poet, than a Wit.
 Such scribbling Authors have been seen before
Mustapha, the Island Princess, forty more
 Were Things, perhaps, compos'd in half an Hour. }
 To write what may securely stand the Test
 Of being well read over thrice at least,
 Compare each Phrase, examine ev'ry Line,
 Weigh ev'ry Word, and ev'ry Thought refine,
 Scorn all Applause the vile Rout can bestow,
 And be content to please those few who know.

Can't

Can'st thou be such a vain mistaken Thing,
 To wish thy Work may make a *Play-house* ring
 With the unthinking Laughter and poor Praise
 Of Fops and Ladies, factious for thy Plays?
 Then send a cunning Friend to learn thy Doom
 From the shrewd Judges of the Drawing-Room.
 I've no Ambition on that idle Score,
 But say with BETTY MORRIS heretofore,
 When a Court-Lady call'd her BUCKHURST's Whore:
*I please one Man of Wit, am proud on't too;
 Let all the Coxcombs dance to Bed to you.*
 Should I be troubled with the PURBLIND KNIGHT,*
 Who squints more in his Judgment, than his Sight,
 Picks silly Faults, and censures what I write?
 Or when the poor lewd Poets of the Town,
 For Scraps and Coach-Room, cry my Verses down?
 I loath the Rabble, 'tis enough for me,
 If SEDLEY, SHADWELL, SHEPPARD, WYCHERLEY,
 GODOLPHIN, BUTLER, BUCKHURST, BUCKINGHAM,
 Or some few more, whom I omit to name,
 Approve my Sense, I count their Censure Fame.

* Sir Car Scroope.





The first SATIRE of Juvenal, imitated.

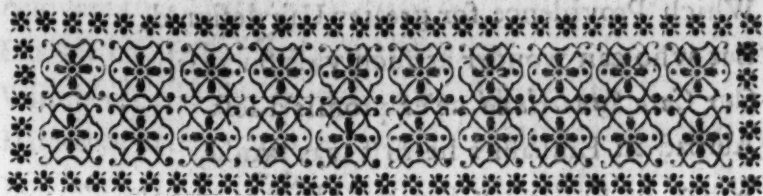
Semper ego Auditor tantum? —

MUST I with Patience ever silent sit, (Wit?
Perplex'd with Fools, who will believe they've
Must I find ev'ry Place by *Coxcombs* seiz'd,
Hear their affected Nonsense, and seem pleas'd?
Must I meet *Henningham* where'er I go,
Arp. Arran, Villain *Franck*, nay, *Poultney* too?
Shall *Hewet* pertly crawl from Place to Place,
And scabby *Villers* for a Beauty pass?
Shall *Howe* and *Brandon* Politicians prove,
And *Sutherland* presume to be in Love?
Shall pimping *Dencourt* patient Cuckolds blame,
Lumley and *Savage* 'gainst the Pope disclaim?
Who can abstain from *Satire* in this Age?
What Nature wants, I find supply'd by Rage.
Some do for Pimping, some for Treach'ry rise;
But none's made Great for being good or wise.

Deserve

Deserve a Dungeon, if you would be Great;
 Rogues always are our Ministers of State;
 Mean prostrate Bitches, for a *Bridewell* fit,
 With *England's* wretched Queen must equal sit.
Ranelagh and fearful *Mulgrave* are preferr'd,
 Virtue's commended, but ne'er meets Reward.
 May I ne'er be like these, I'll ask no more;
 I would not be the Men to have their Pow'r.
 Who'd be a Monarch to endure the Prating
 Of *Nell* and sawcy *Oglethorp*, in waiting?
 Who would *Southampton's* driv'ling Cuckold be?
 Who would be *York*, and bear his Infamy?
 What Wretch would be *Green's* base begotten Son?
 Who would be *James*, out-witted and undone?
 Who'd be like *Sunderland*, a cringing Knave?
 Like *Hallifax* wise, like boarish *Pembroke* brave?
 Who'd be that patient bardash *Shrewsbury*?
 Or who would *Frazier's* chatt'ring *Mordaunt* be?
 Who'd be a Wit in *Dryden's* cudgell'd Skin?
 Or who'd be rich and senseless, like *Tom Thynne*?





A SATIRE upon the TIMES.

Nobilitas sola atque unica virtus est.

NOT Rome, in all her Splendor, could compare
With those great Blessings happy Britons share ;
Vainly they boast their King's of heav'nly Race ;
A King incarnate England's Throne does grace ;
Chast in his Pleasures, in Devotion grave,
To his Friends constant, to his Foes he's brave :
His Justice is thro' all the World admir'd,
His Word held sacred, and his Scepter fear'd.
No Tumults do about his Palace move,
Freed from Rebellion by his People's Love.
Nor do weless in Councils wise, prevail,
As all our late Transactions loudly tell.
Not only Prorogations, Good create,
But th' adjourn'd Play-house is a *Coup d' Eclat*.
So learned *Chymists*, when they long have try'd
For Secrets thrifty Nature fain would hide,

In

In basest Matters often Spirits find,
 Which Providence for greater Use design'd.
 But who can wonder at such vast Success,
 Our *Cato Sunderland* ne'er promis'd less.
 Abroad in Embassies he first was fam'd,
 Where he so strictly *England's* Rights maintain'd ;
 At Home an humble Creature to her Grace,
 And Mrs. W—— preferr'd him to the Place.

Then for Commanders both by Sea and Land, —
York, who thrice chang'd his Ships, thro' warlike Rage,
 And *Monmouth*, who's the *Scipio* of the Age,
 The first Lord Admiral, but more renown'd
 For Pox and Popery, than publick Wound.
 This is the Man, whose Vice each Satire feeds,
 And for whom no one Virtue intercedes ;
 Destin'd for *England's* Plague, from infant Time,
 Curs'd with a Person F—— than his Crime.
 But mightier Things than these do still remain :
Plymouth, who lately shew'd upon the Plain,
 And did by *Hewit's* Fall, immortal Honour gain.
 So Mouse and Frog came gravely to the Field,
 Both fear'd to fight, and yet both scorn'd to yield ;
 Their famous *Billet-Deux* and Duel prove
 Them both as fit for Combat, as for Love.
 Amongst all these, 'twere not amiss to name
Paultney, to whom *St. Omers* Siege gave Fame.

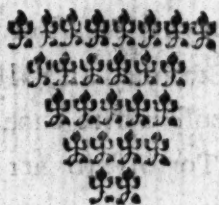
Nor do Wits less our polish'd Court adorn,
 Than Men of Prowess, for Atchievements born.
Romantrick Mordaunt, who in empty Lines
 His happier Rival tediously defines ;

That

the Earl of ROCHESTER. 19

That well knew how to value painted Toys,
And left the Tartar to be catch'd by Boys :
But his chief Talent is in Histories,
Which of himself he tells, and always lies.
Daincourt would fain be thought both Wit and Bully,
But Punk-rid *Radcliffe's* not a greater Cully,
Nortawdry Isham, intimately known
To all pox'd Whores, and famous Rooks in Town.

No Ladies, my respectful Muse will name ;
She thinks it Blasphemy to touch their Fame.
Safe may they live, who faithful are, and kind ;
But may lewd Scowrsers no Redemption find.
May Young and Old incessantly give Thanks
For that bless'd Nursery of Intrigue, *Mill-Banks*.
May *Le'ster-Fields* repair their Matron's Fall,
But still subscribe in Feasts of Love to th' *Mall*,
And Mrs. *Stafford* yield to *Betty Hall*.



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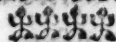
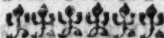
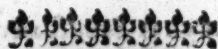
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}





✓ *A SATIRE which the KING took out
of his Pocket.*

PReserv'd by Wonder in an Oak, Great Charles!
 And then brought in by Trick of *Albemarle's* :
 The first by Providence, the next all Devil,
 Shews thou'rt a Compound made of Good and Evil :
 The Bad we've too long known, the Good's to come,
 But not expected 'till the Day of Doom.
 Was ever Prince's Soul so meanly poor,
 To be a Slave to ev'ry little Whore ?
 The Sea-man's Needle nimbly points the Pole ;
 But thine still turns to ev'ry craving Hole ;
 Which, Wolf-like, in that Breast raw Flesh devours,
 And must be fed all Seasons, and all Hours.
 — is the Mansion-House where thou dost dwell ;
 But thou art fix'd as Tortoise to her Shell,
 Whose Head peeps out a little now and then,
 To take the Air, and then creeps in again.
 Strong is thy Lust, in — thou'rt always diving,
 And I dare say thou pray'st to die a ———.

How

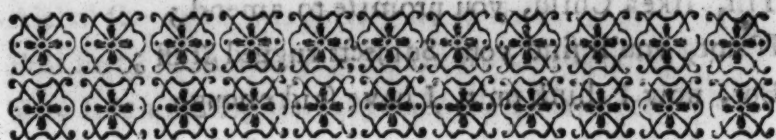
How poorly squander'st thou thy Seed away,
 Who should get Kings for Nations to obey.
 But thou, poor Prince, so uselessly hast sown it,
 That the Creation is asham'd to own it.
 Witness the Royal Heirs sprang from the Belly
 Of thy anointed Princess, Madam Nelly,
 Whose first Employment was with open Throat,
 To cry fresh Herrings, even Ten a Groat.
 Then was by Madam Ross expos'd to Town;
 I mean to those who would give half a Crown:
 Next in the *Play-house* she took her Degree,
 As Men commence at University
 No Doctors, 'till they've Masters been before;
 So she no Player was, 'till first a Whore.
 Look back, and see the People mad with Rage,
 To see the Bitch in such an Equipage;
 And ev'ry Day that they the Monster see,
 They let ten thousand Curses fly at Thee.
 Allow'd in publick Streets, they use thee thus,
 And none dare check 'em, they're so numerous.
 Stopping the Bank, in Thee was only great,
 But in a Subject it had been a Cheat.
 To pay thy Debts, what Sum can'st thou advance,
 Now thy Exchequer is remov'd to France,
 T' enrich a Harlot all made up of French,
 Not worthy to be call'd a Whore, but Wench?
 C——d indeed deserves that noble Name,
 Whose monstrous Lech'ry exceeds all Fame;
 The Empress *Messaline* was cloy'd with Lust at last,
 But you could never satisfy this lech'rous Beast.

C——d, I say, is much to be admir'd,
 Altho' she ne'er was satisfy'd, or tir'd.
 Full forty Men a Day provided for this Whore,
 Yet, like a Bitch, she wags her Tail for more.
 Where are the Bishops now, where is their bawdy Court?
 Instead of Penance, they indulge the Sport;
 For standing in white Sheets, their Courage cools,
 And's only fit for *French-men*, and for Fools.
 O Heav'ns! were't thou for this loose Life preserv'd?
 Are there no Gods nor Laws to be observ'd?
Nineveh repented after forty Days;
 Be yet a King, and wear the Royal Bays:
 But *Jonah's* Threats will ne'er awaken Thee;
 Repentance is too mean for Majesty.
 Go, practise *Heliogabalus's* Sin,
 Forget to be a Man, and learn to spin.
 Go, dally with the Women at their Wheels,
 'Till, *Nero-like*, they pull thee out by th' Heels.
 Go, read what *Mahomet* did, (that was a Thing
 Did well become the Grandeur of a King)
 Who all transported with his Mistress Charms,
 And never pleas'd, but in her lovely Arms;
 Yet, when his *Janizaries* wish'd her dead,
 With his own Hand cut off *Irene's* Head.
 Make such a Practice with thy self as this,
 Then thou may'st once more taste of Happiness;
 Each one will love Thee, and the Parliament
 Will their unkind and stubborn Votes repent,
 And at your Feet lay open all their Purfes,
 And give you all their Prayers, unmix'd with Curses.

the Earl of ROCHESTER. 23

All this I wish, altho' I'm not your Friend,
Till, like a Child, you promise to amend ;
If not, you'll find your Subjects rugged Stuff ;
But, now I think on't, I have said enough.





✓ *A SATIRE on the KING, for which
he was banish'd the Court, and after-
wards set up in Tower-street, for
an Italian Mountebank.*

IN the Isle of *Great Britain*, long since famous known
 For breeding the best — in *Christendom*,
 There reigns, and there long may he reign and thrive,
 The easiest Prince, and best bred *Man* alive ;
 Him no Ambition moves to seek Renown,
 Like the *French Fool*, to wander up and down, }
 Starving his Subjects, hazarding his Crown.
 Nor are his high Desires above his Strength,
 His Scepter and his — are of a Length ;
 And she that plays with one, may sway the other,
 And make him little wiser than his *Brother*.
 I hate all Monarchs, and the Thrones they sit on,
 From the Hector of *France*, to the Cully of *Britain*.
 Poor Prince, thy —, like the Buffoons at Court,
 It governs Thee, because it makes the Sport.
 Tho' Safety, Law, Religion, Life lay on't,
 'Twill break thro' all, to make its Way to —.
 Restless he rolls about from Whore to Whore ;
 A merry Monarch, scandalous, and poor.

To Carewell, the most dear of all thy Dears,
 The sure Relief of thy declining Years;
 Oft he bewails his Fortune, and her Fate,
 To love so well, and to be lov'd so late.
 For when in her he settles well his Tarfe,
 Yet his dull graceless Buttocks hung an Arse.
 This you'd believe, had I but Time to tell ye,
 The Pain it costs to poor laborious Nelly,
 While she employs Hands, Fingers, Lips, and Thighs,
 E'er she can raise the Member she enjoys.





Tunbridge-Wells, a SATIRE.

AT five this Morn, when *Phæbus* rais'd his Head
 From *Thetis* Lap, I rais'd my self from Bed ;
 And mounting Steed, I trotted to the Waters,
 The Rendezvous of Fools, Buffoons, and Praters,
 Cuckolds, Whores, Citizens, their Wives and Daughters.
 My squeamish Stomach I with Wine had brib'd,
 To undertake the Dose that was prescrib'd ;
 But turning Head, a sudden curst Crew,
 That innocent Provision overthrew,
 And without drinking, made me purge and spew.
 From Coach and Six a Thing unweildy roll'd,
 Whom Lumber-Cart more decently would hold ;
 As wise as Calf it look'd, as big as Bully,
 But handled, prov'd a mere Sir *Nicholas* Cully ;
 A bawling Fop, a *nat'ral* Nokes, and yet
 He dar'd to censure, to be thought a Wit.
 To make him more ridiculous, in Spight,
 Nature contriv'd the Fool should be a Knight.
 How wise is *Nature*, when she does dispense
 A large Estate, to cover Want of Sense !



The Man's a Fool, 'tis true, but that's no Matter;
 For he's a mighty Wit with those that flatter,
 But a poor Blockhead is a wretched Creature.
 'Tho' he alone was dismal Sight enough,
 His Train contributed to set him off,
 All of his Shape, all of the self-same Stuff;
 No Spleen or Malice could on them be thrown,
 Nature had done the Business of Lampoon,
 And in their Looks their Characters were shown.
 Endeavouring this irksome Sight to baulk,
 And a more irksome Noise, their silly Talk,
 I silently slunk down to th' lower Walk.
 But often, when one would *Charybdis* shun,
 Down upon *Scylla* 'tis our Fate to run:
 For there it was my cursed Luck to find
 As great a Fop, tho' of another Kind.
 A tall stiff Fool, that walk'd in *Spanish* Guise;
 The Buckram Puppet never stirr'd his Eyes;
 But grave as Owl he look'd, as Woodcock wise.
 He scorns the empty Talk of this mad Age,
 And speaks all Proverb, Sentence, and Adage;
 Can with as much Solemnity buy Eggs,
 As a Cabal can talk of their Intrigues;
 Master of Ceremonies, yet can dispense
 With the Formality of talking Sense.
 From hence, unto the upper Walk I ran,
 Where a new Scene of Foppery began;
 A Tribe of Curates, Priests, Canonical Elves,
 Fit Company for none beside themselves,

Were got together ; each his Distemper told ;
 Scurvy, Stone, Strangury ; some were so bold
 To charge the Spleen to be their Misery,
 And on that wise Disease lay Infamy.
 But none had Modesty enough t' explain
 His Want of Learning, Honesty, or Brain,
 The general Diseases of that Train. }
 These call themselves Embassadors of Heaven,
 And saucily pretend Commissions given :
 But should an *Indian* King, whose small Command
 Seldom extends beyond ten Miles of Land,
 send forth such wretched Fools on an Embassy,
 He'd find but small Effects of such a Message.
 List'ning, I found the Cob of all this Rabble,
 Pert * *Bayes*, with his Importance comfortable :
 He being rais'd to an Arch-Deaconry,
 By trampling on Religion, Loyalty, ||
 Was grown so great, and look'd too fat and jolly
 To be disturb'd with Care and Melancholy ; }
 Tho' MARVEL had enough expos'd his Folly. †
 He drank to carry off some old Remains
 His lazy dull Distemper left in's Veins.
 Let him drink on ; but 'tis not a whole Flood
 Can give sufficient Sweetness to his Blood,
 Or make his Nature or his Manners good. }

* Dr. PARKER.

|| He writ a Book, entitled Religion and Loyalty.

† In his Rehearſal Transpos'd.

† *Importance* drank too, tho' she'd been no Sinner,
To wash away some Dregs he had spew'd in her.
Next after these, a fulsome *Irish* Crew
Of silly *Macks*, were offer'd to my View;
The Things did talk, but hearing what they said,
I hid my self, the Kindness to evade.
Nature had plac'd these Wretches beneath Scorn,
They can't be call'd so vile as they are born.
Amidst the Crowd I next my self convey'd,
For now there comes, white-wash and Paint being laid,
Mother and Daughter, Mistress and the Maid,
And 'Squire, with Wig and Pantaloon display'd.
But ne'er could Conventicle, Play, or Fair,
For a true Medly, with this Herd compare.
Here Lords, Knights, 'Squires, Ladies, and Countesses,
Chandlers, and barren Women, Sempstresses,
Were mix'd together; nor did they agree
More in their Humours, than their Quality.
Here, waiting for Gallant, young Damsel stood,
Leaning on Cane, and muffled up in Hood.
The would-be Wit, whose Bus'ness was to woe,
With Hat remov'd, and solemn Scrape of Shoe,
Advances bowing, then genteely shrugs,
And ruffled Fore-top into Order tugs;

E 3

And

† The Doctor, in a Book against A. Marvel, excuses himself for not rep'ing sooner, upon Account of Matters of a more comfortable Importance, which prov'd Matrimony. Marvel, upon this, is very witty upon that Word. See, his Rehearful transpos'd, Part 2.

And thus accosts her: *Madam, methinks the Weather*
Is grown much more serene since you came hither ;
You influence the Heav'ns, but should the Sun
Withdraw himself, to see his Rays out-done
By your bright Eyes, they could supply the Morn,
And make a Day, before the Day be born.
 With Mouth screw'd up, conceited winking Eyes,
 And Breast thrust forwards, *Lard, Sir, (she replies)*
It is your Goodness, and not my Deserts,
Which makes you shew thū Learning, Wit, and Parts.
 He, puzzled, bites his Nails, both to display
 The sparkling Ring, and think what next to say,
 And thus breaks forth afresh ; *Madam, Egad,*
Your Luck at Cards last Night was very bad ;
At Cribbage fifty nine, — and the next Show,
To make the Game, — and yet to want those two. —
G — d — me, Madam, I'm the Son of a Whore,
If in my Life I saw the like before.
 To Pedlar's Stall he drags her, and her Breast
 With Hearts, and such like foolish Toys, he drest ;
 And then more smartly to expound the Riddle
 Of all his Prattle, gives her a *Scotch Fiddle.*
 Tir'd with this dismal Stuff, away I ran,
 Where were two Wives, with Girl just fit for Man,
 Short-breath'd, with pallid Lips, and Visage wan. }
 Some Courtesies pass'd, and the old Compliment,
 Of being glad to see each other, spent,
 With Hand in Hand they lovingly did walk,
 And one began thus to renew the Talk :

*I pray, good Madam, if it mayn't be thought
Rudeness in me, what Cause has hither brought
Your Ladyship? She, soon replying, smil'd,
We've got a good Estate, but have no Child;
And I'm inform'd, these Wells will make a barren
Woman as fruitful as a Coney-Warren.
The first return'd, For this Cause I am come,
For I can have no Quietness at Home;
My Husband grumbles, tho' we have got one,
This poor young Girl, and mutters for a Son;
And this is griev'd with Head-Ach, Pangs, and Throws,
Is full Sixteen, and never yet had Those.
She soon reply'd, Get her a Husband, Madam;
I marry'd about that Age, and ne'er 'ad had 'em;
Was just like her, Steel-Waters let alone,
A Back of Steel will better bring them down;
And ten to one but they themselves will try
The same Means to increase their Family.
Poor silly Fribble, who by Subtilty
Of Midwife, truest Friend to Lechery,
Perswaded art to be at Pains and Charge,
To give thy Wife Occasion to enlarge,
Thy silly Head; for here walks Cuff and Kick,
With brawny Back, and Legs, and potent ———,
Who more substantially can cure thy Wife,
And on her half-dead Womb bestow new Life.
From these the Waters got their Reputation
Of good Assistants unto Propagation.
Some warlike Men were now got into th' Throng,
With Hair ty'd back, singing a bawdy Song.*

Not much afraid, I got a nearer View,
 And 'twas my Chance to know the dreadful Crew.
 They were Cadets, that seldom can appear,
 Damn'd to the Stint of thirty Pounds a Year;
 With Hawk on Fist, and Grey-hound led in Hand,
 The Dog and Foot-boy sometimes to command;
 Now having trim'd a cast-off spavin'd Horse,
 With three Half-pence for Guineas in their Purse,
 Two rusty Pistols, Scarf about their Arse,
 Coat lin'd with Red, they here presume to swell,
 This goes for *Captain*, that for *Colonel*.

So the Bear-Garden Ape, on his Steed mounted,
 No longer is a Jackanapes accounted;
 And is, by Virtue of his Trumpery, then
 Call'd by the Name of the young Gentleman.
 Bless me! thought I, what Thing is Man, that thus
 In all his Shapes is so ridiculous?
 Our selves with Noise of Reason we do please
 In vain, Humanity's our worst Disease;
 Thrice happy Beasts are, who, because they be
 Of Reason void, are so of Foppery.
 Faith, I was so asham'd, that with Remorse,
 I us'd the Insolence to mount my Horse;
 For he, doing only Things fit for his Nature,
 Did seem to me by much the wiser Creature.

To



✓ To all curious CRITICKS, and
Admirers of METRE.

HA V E you not seen the raging stormy Main
Toss a Ship up, then cast her down again?
Sometimes she seems to touch the very Skies,
And then again upon the Sand she lies.
Or have you seen a Bull, when he is jealous,
How he does tear the Ground, and roars and bellows?
Or have you seen the pretty Turtle Dove,
When she laments the Absence of her Love?
Or have you seen the Fairies, when they sing
And dance with Mirth together in a Ring?
Or have you seen our Gallants make a Pudder
With fair, and Grace, and Grace, and fair Anne Strudder?
Or have you seen the Daughters of Apollo
Pour down their Rhiming Liquors in a hollow
Cane ———
In spongy Brain congealing into Verse?
If you have seen all this, then kiss my Arse.

* Two Sisters.



The happy NIGHT. †

SINCE now my SILVIA is as kind as fair,
 Let Wit and Joy succeed my dull Despair.
 O what a Night of Pleasure was the last !
 A full Reward for all my Troubles past :
 And on my Head if future Mischief fall,
 This happy Night shall make Amends for all.
 Nay, tho' my SILVIA's Love should turn to Hate,
 I'll think of this, and die contented with my Fate.

Twelve was the lucky Minute when we met,
 And on her Bed were close together set ;
 Tho' list'ning Spies might be perhaps too near,
 Love fill'd our Hearts, there was no Room for Fear.
 Now whilst I strive her melting Heart to move,
 With all the pow'rful Eloquence of Love ;
 In her fair Face I saw the Colour rise,
 And an unusual Softness in her Eyes ;
 Gently they look, and I with Joy adore
 That only Charm they never had before.

The

† The Duke of Buckingham has lately been pleas'd to own this Poem.

the Earl of ROCHESTER. 35

The Wounds they made, her Tongue was us'd to heal ;
But now these gentle Enemies reveal
A Secret, which that Friend would still conceal.
My Eyes transported too with am'rous Rage,
Seem fierce with Expectation to engage :
But fast she holds my Hands, and close her Thighs,
And what she longs to do, with Frowns denies.
A strange Effect on foolish Women wrought,
Bred in Disguises, and by Custom taught :
Custom, that Prudence sometimes over-rules,
But serves instead of Reason to the Fools !
Custom, which all the World to Slav'ry brings,
The dull Excuse for doing silly Things.
She, by this Method of her foolish Sex,
Is forc'd a while, me, and herself to vex,
But now, when thus we had been struggling long,
Her Limbs grow weak, and her Desires grow strong ;
How can she hold to let the *Hero* in ?
He storms without, and Love betrays within.
Her Hands at last, to hide her Blushes, leave
The Fort unguarded, willing to receive
My fierce Assault, made with a Lover's Haste,
Like Light'ning piercing, and as quickly past.

Thus does fond Nature with her Children play,
Just shews us Joy, then snatches it away !
'Tis not th' Excess of Pleasure makes it short,
The Pain of Love's as raging as the Sport :
And yet, alas, that lasts ; we sigh all Night
With Grief, but scarce one Moment with Delight.

Some little Pain may check her kind Desire,
 But not enough to make her once retire.
 Maids Wounds for Pleasure bear, as Men for Praise;
 Here Honour heals, there Love the Smart allays.
 The World, if just, would harmful Courage blame,
 And this more innocent, reward with Fame.
 Now she her well-contented Thoughts employs
 On her past Fears, and on her future Joys:
 Whose Harbinger did roughly all remove,
 To make fit Room for great, luxurious Love.
 Fond of the welcome Guest, her Arms embrace
 My Body, and her Hands another Place;
 Which with one Touch so pleas'd and proud will grow,
 It swells beyond the Grasp that made it so;
 Confinement scorns in any straiter Walls
 Than those of Love, where it contented falls.
 Tho' twice o'erthrown, he more enflam'd does rise,
 And will to the last Drop, fight out the Prize.
 She like some *Amazon* in Story proves,
 That overcomes the *Hero* whom she loves.
 In the close Strife she takes so much Delight,
 She then can think of nothing but the Fight:
 With Joy she lays him panting at her Feet,
 But with more Joy does his Recovery meet.
 Her trembling Hands first gently raise his Head;
 She almost dies for Fear that he is dead:
 Then binds his Wounds up with a busy Hand,
 And with that Balm enables him to stand,
 Till by her Eyes she conquers him once more,
 And wounds him deeper than she did before.

Tho'

Tho' fallen from the Top of Pleasure's Hill,
With longing Eyes we look up thither still:
Still thither our unwearied Wishes tend
'Till we that Height of Happiness ascend,
By gentle Steps; th' Ascent itself exceeds
All Joys, but that alone to which it leads.
First then, so long and lovingly we kiss,
As if, like Doves, we knew no dearer Bliss:
Still in one Mouth our Tongues together play,
While groping Hands are pleas'd no less than they.
Thus cling'd together, now a while we rest,
Breathing our Souls into each other's Breast.
Then give a gen'ral Kiss of all our Parts,
While this best Way we make Exchange of Hearts.
Here would my Praise, as well as Pleasure dwell;
Enjoyment's self I scarcely like so well:
The little this comes short in Rage and Strength,
Is largely recompenc'd with endless Length.
This is a Joy would last, if we could stay;
But Love's too eager to admit Delay,
And hurries us along so smooth a Way.
Now wanton with Delight, we nimbly move
Our plyant Limbs in all the Shapes of Love:
Our Motions not like those of gamefome Fools,
Whose active Bodies shew their heavy Souls,
But Sports of Love, in which a willing Mind
Makes us as able, as our Hearts are kind.
At length all languishing, and out of Breath,
Panting, as in the Agonies of Death,

We lie entranc'd ; 'till one provoking Kiss
 Transports our ravish'd Souls to Paradise.
 O! Heav'n of Love, thou Moment of Delight !
 Wrong'd by my Words, my Fancy does thee Right.
 Methinks I lye all melting in her Charms,
 And fast lock'd up within her Legs and Arms ;
 Bent are our Minds, and all our Thoughts on Fire,
 Just lab'ring in the Pangs of fierce Desire.
 At once, like Misers, wallowing in their Store,
 In full Possession, yet desiring more.

Thus with repeated Pleasures, while we waste
 Our happy Hours, that like short Minutes pass,
 To such a Sum of Bliss our Joys amount,
 The Number now becomes too great to count.
 Silent as Night are all sincerest Joys,
 Like deepest Waters running with least Noise.
 But now at last, for Want of farther Force,
 From Deeds, alas, we fall into Discourse :
A Fall, which each of us in vain bemoans ;
A greater Fall than that of Kings from Thrones.
 The Tide of Pleasure flowing now no more,
 We lie like Fish left gasping on the Shore ;
 And now, as after fighting, Wounds appear,
 Which we in Heat did neither feel, nor fear ;
 She, for her Sake, intreats me to give o'er,
 And yet, for mine, would gladly suffer more.
 Her Words are coy, while all her Motions woo ;
 And, when she asks me If it please me too,
 I rage to shew how well, but 'twill not do.

Thus

the Earl of ROCHESTER. 39

Thus would hot Love run it self out of Breath,
And wanting Rest, find it too soon in Death;
Did not wise Nature, with a gentle Force
Restrain its Rage, and stop its headlong Course :
Indulgently severe, she well does spare
This Child of hers, that most deserves her Care.



The



✓ *The Imperfect* ENJOYMENT.

F Ruition was the Question in Debate,
 Which like so hot a Casuist I did state,
 That she my Freedom urg'd as my Offence,
 To teach my Reason to subdue my Sense ;
 But yet this angry Cloud, that did proclaim
 Volleys of Thunder, melted into Rain ;
 And this adult'rate Stamp of seeming nice,
 Made feigned Virtue but a Bawd to Vice ;
 For, by a Compliment that's seldom known,
 She thrusts me out, and yet invites me Home ;
 And these Denials but advance Delight,
 As Prohibition sharpens Appetite ;
 For the kind Curtain raising my Esteem,
 To wonder at the opening of the Scene,
 When of her Breast her Hands the Guardians were,
 Yet I salute each sullen Officer ;
 Tho', like the flaming Sword before my Eyes,
 They block the Passage to my Paradise ;
 Nor could those tyrant Hands so guard the Coin,
 But Love, where't cannot purchase, may purloin :
 For tho' her Breasts are hid, her Lips are Prize,
 To make me rich beyond my Avarice ;

Yet

Yet my Ambition my Affection fed,
To conquer both the *white Rose* and the *Red*.
Th' Event prov'd true, for on the Bed she sat,
And seem'd to court, what she had seem'd to hate;
Heat of Resistance had increas'd her Fire,
And weak Defence is turn'd to strong Desire.
What unkind Influence could interpose,
When two such Stars did in Conjunction close?
Only too hasty Zeal my Hopes did foil,
Pressing to feed her Lamp, I spilt my Oil;
And that which most Reproach upon me hurl'd,
Was dead to her, gives Life to all the World,
Nature's chief Prop, and Motion's prime *st* Source,
In me lost both their Figure and their Force.
Sad Conquest, when it is the Victor's Fate
To die at th' Entrance of the op'ning Gate!
Like prudent Corporations, had we laid
A common Stock by, we'd improv'd our Trade;
But as a prodigal Heir, I spent by th' by,
What, Home directed, would serve her and I.
When next in such Assaults I chance to be,
Give me less Vigor, more Activity;
For Love turns impotent, when strain'd too high,
His very Cordials make him sooner die;
Evaporates in Fume the Fire too great,
Love's Chymistry thrives best in equal Heat.



✓ *A SATIRE* against MARRIAGE.

Husband, thou dull unpity'd Miscreant,
 Wedded to Noise, to Misery, and Want ;
 Sold an eternal Vassal for thy Life,
 Oblig'd to cherish and to hate thy Wife.
 Drudge on 'till Fifty at thy own Expence,
 Breathe out thy Life in one Impertinence.
 Repeat thy loath'd Embraces ev'ry Night,
 Prompted to act by Duty, not Delight.
 Christen thy forward Bantling once a Year,
 And carefully thy spurious Issue rear.
 Go once a Week to see the Brat at Nurse,
 And let the young Impostor drain thy Purse.
 Hedge-Sparrow like, what Cuckows have begot,
 Do thou maintain, incorrigible Sot !
 O ! I could curse the Pimp, (who could do less ?)
 He's beneath Pity, and beyond Redress.
 Pox on him, let him go, what can I say ?
Anathema's on him are thrown away.
 The Wretch is marry'd, and hath known the worst,
 And his great Blessing is, he can't be curst.

Marriage !

Marriage! O Hell and Furies, name it not;
Hence, hence, ye holy Cheats, a Plot, a Plot!
Marriage! 'Tis but a licens'd Way to sin,
A Noose to catch religious Woodcocks in;
Or the nick Name of Love's malicious Fiend,
Begot in Hell to persecute Mankind.
'Tis the Destroyer of our Peace and Health,
Mispender of our Time, our Strength, and Wealth;
The Enemy of Valour, Wit, Mirth, all
That we can virtuous, good, or pleasant call.
By Day, 'tis nothing but an endless Noise,
By Night, the Eccho of forgotten Joys:
Abroad, the Sport and Wonder of the Crowd,
At Home, the hourly Breach of what they vow'd:
In Youth, 'tis *Opium* to our lustful Rage,
Which sleeps a while, but wakes again in Age;
It heaps on all Men much, but useless Care,
For with more Trouble, they less happy are.
Ye Gods! that Man, by his own slavish Law,
Should on himself such Inconvenience draw!
If he would wiser Nature's Laws obey,
Those chalk him out a far more pleasant Way.
When lusty Youth and potent Wine conspire
To fan the Blood into a gen'rous Fire,
We must not think the Gallant will endure
The puissant Issue of his Calenture,
Nor always in his single Pleasures burn,
Tho' Nature's Hand-maid sometimes serves the Turn.
No, he must have a sprightly youthful Wench,
In equal Floods of Love his Flames to quench;

One that will hold him in her clasping Arms,
And in that Circle all his Spirits charms;
That with new Motion, and unpractis'd Art,
Can raise his Soul, and re-insnare his Heart.
Hence spring the Noble, Fortunate, and Great,
Always begot in Passion, and in Heat.
But the dull Offspring of the *Marriage-Bed*,
What is it, but a human Piece of Lead;
A sortish Lump, ingender'd of all Ills,
Begot like Cats, against their Fathers Wills?
If it be bastardiz'd, 'tis doubly spoil'd,
The Mother's Fear's intail'd upon the Child.
Thus, whether illegitimate or not,
Cowards and Fools in Wedlock are begot.
Let no enobled Soul himself debase
By lawful Means to bastardize his Race;
But if he must pay Nature's Debt in Kind,
To check his eager Passion, let him find
Some willing Female out; what tho' she be
The very Dregs and Scum of Infamy;
Tho' she be Linsey-Woolsey, Bawd, or Whore,
Close-stool to VENUS, Nature's Common-Shore,
Impudent, Foolish, rotten with Disease,
The Sunday-Crack of Suburb-Prentices:
What then? She's better than a Wife by half,
And if thou'rt still unmarried, thou art safe.
With Whores thou can'st but venture; what thou'lt lose
May be redeem'd again with Care and Cost;
But a damn'd Wife, by inevitable Fate,
Destroys Soul, Body, Credit, and Estate.



The RESTAURATION ; or, The History of Insipids. A LAMPOON.

I.

CHaſt, pious, prudent, *Charles* the ſecond,
The Miracle of thy Reſtauration,
May like to that of Quails be reckon'd,
Rain'd on the *Iſraelitiſh* Nation ;
The wiſh'd-for Bleſſing from Heav'n ſent,
Became their Curſe and Punishment.

II.

The Virtues in thee, *Charles*, inherent,
Altho' thy Count'nance be an odd Piece,
Prove thee as true a God's Vicegerent,
As e'er was *Harry* with his Cod-piece :
For Chſtity and pious Deeds,
His Grandfire *Harry*, *Charles* exceeds.

III.

Our *Romiſh* Bondage-breaker *Harry*,
Eſpouſed half a dozen Wives,
Charles only one reſolv'd to marry,
And other Mens he never ——— ;
Yet has he Sons and Daughters more
Than e'er had *Harry* by threeſcore.

IV.

IV.

Never was such a Faith's Defender;
 He like a politick Prince, and pious,
 Gives Liberty to Conscience tender,
 And does to no Religion tie us;
Jews, Christians, Turks, Papists, he'll please us
 With *Moses, Mahomet, or Jesu*.

V.

In all Affairs of Church or State
 He very zealous is, and able,
 Devout at Pray'rs, and sits up late
 At the Cabal and Council-Table.
 His very Dog, at Council-Board,
 Sits grave and wise as any Lord.

VI.

Let *Charles's* Policy no Man flout,
 The wisest Kings have all some Folly;
 Nor let his Piety any doubt;
Charles, like a Sov'reign wise and holy,
 Makes young Men Judges of the Bench,
 And Bishops those that love a Wench.

VII.

His Father's Foes he does reward,
 Preserving those that cut off's Head;
 Old Cavaliers, the Crown's best Guard,
 He lets them starve for Want of Bread.
 Never was any King endow'd
 With so much Grace and Gratitude.

VIII.

Blood, that wears Treason in his Face,
Villain compleat in Parson's Gown,
How much is he at Court in Grace,
For stealing *Ormond* and the Crown !
Since Loyalty does no Man good,
Let's steal the King, and out-do *Blood*.

IX.

A Parliament of Knaves and Sots,
Members by Name you must not mention,
He keeps in Pay, and buys their Votes,
Here with a Place, there with a Pension :
When to give Money he can't collogue 'em,
He does with Scorn prorogue, prorogue 'em.

X.

But they long since, by too much giving,
Undid, betray'd, and sold the Nation,
Making their Memberships a Living,
Better than e'er was Sequestration.
God give thee, *Charles*, a Resolution
To damn the Knaves by Dissolution.

XI.

Fame is not grounded on Success,
Tho' Victories were *Caesar's* Glory ;
Lost Battels make not *Pompey* less,
But left them stiled Great in Story.
Malicious Fate does oft devise
To beat the Brave, and fool the Wise.

XII.

Charles in the first *Dutch* War stood fair
 To have been Sov'reign of the Deep,
 When *Opdam* blew up in the Air,
 Had not his Highness gone to sleep:
 Our Fleet slack'd Sails, fearing his waking,
 The *Dutch* had else been in sad Taking.

XIII.

The *Bergen* Business was well laid,
 Tho' we paid dear for that Design;
 Had we not three Days parling staid,
 The *Dutch* Fleet there, *Charles*, had been thine:
 Tho' the false *Dane* agreed to sell 'em,
 He cheated us, and saved *Skellum*.

XIV.

Had not *Charles* sweetly chous'd the States,
 By *Bergen-Baffle* grown more wise;
 And made 'em shite as small as Rats,
 By their rich *Smyrna* Fleet's Surprise:
 Had haughty *Holmes*, but call'd in *Spragge*,
Hans had been put into a Bag.

XV.

Mists, Storms, short Victuals, adverse Winds,
 And once the Navy's wise Division,
 Defeated *Charles*'s best Designs,
 'Till he became his Foes Derision:
 But he had swing'd the *Dutch* at *Chatham*,
 Had he had Ships but to come at 'em.

XVI.

Our *Black-Heath* Host, without Dispute,
 (Rais'd, put on Board, why, no Man knows)
 Must *Charles* have render'd absolute

Over his Subjects, or his Foes :
 Has not the *French* King made us Fools,
 By taking *Maestricht* with our Tools ?

XVII.

But, *Charles*, what could thy Policy be,
 To run so many sad Disasters ;
 To join thy Fleet with false *d'Estree*,
 To make the *French*, of *Holland* Masters ?
 Was't *Carewell*, Brother *James*, or *Teague*,
 That made thee break the *Triple League* ?

XVIII.

Could *Robin Viner* have foreseen
 The glorious Triumphs of his Master ;
 The *Wooll-Church* Statue Gold had been,
 Which now is made of *Alabaster*.
 But wise Men think, had it been Wood,
 'Twere for a Bankrupt King too good.

XIX.

Those that the *Fabrick* well consider,
 Do of it diversly discourse ;
 Some pass their Censure on the Rider,
 Others their Judgment on the Horse.
 Most say, the *Steed's* a goodly Thing,
 But all agree, 'tis a lewd King.

XX.

By the Lord-Mayer and his grave Coxcombs,
 Freeman of *London Charles* is made;
 Then to *Whitehall* a rich Gold Box comes,
 Which was bestow'd on the *French Jade* :
 But wonder not it should be so, Sirs,
 When Monarchs rank themselves with Grocers.

XXI.

Cringe, scrape no more, ye City-Fops,
 Leave off your Feasting and fine Speeches ;
 Beat up your Drums, shut up your Shops,
 The Courtiers then will kiss your Breeches.
 Arm'd, tell the Popish Duke that rules,
 You're free-born Subjects, not *French Mules*.

XXII.

New Upstarts, Bastards, Pimps, and Whores,
 That, Locust-like, devour the Land,
 By shutting up th'Exchequer-Doors,
 When there our Money was trapann'd,
 Have render'd *Charles's* Restauration
 But a small Blessing to the Nation.

XXIII.

Then, *Charles*, beware of thy Brother *York*,
 Who to thy Government gives Law ;
 If once we fall to the old Sport,
 You must again both to *Breda* ;
 Where, spite of all that would restore you,
 Grown wise by Wrongs, we should abhor you.

XXIV.

If of all Christian Blood, the Guilt
Cry loud for Vengeance unto Heav'n,
That Sea by treach'rous *Lewis* spilt,
Can never be by God forgiv'n :
Worse Scourge unto his Subjects, Lord,
Than Pest'lence, Famine, Fire, or Sword.

XXV.

That false rapacious Wolf of *France*,
The Scourge of *Europe*, and its Curse,
Who at his Subjects Cries does dance,
And studies how to make them worse.
To say such Kings, Lord, rule by thee,
Were most prodigious Blasphemy.

XXVI.

Such know no Law, but their own Lust ;
Their Subjects Substance, and their Blood,
They count it Tribute due and just,
Still spent and spilt for Subjects Good.
If such Kings are by God appointed,
The Dev'l may be the Lord's Anointed.

XXVII.

Such Kings ! curs'd be the Pow'r and Name,
Let all the World henceforth abhor 'em ;
Monsters, which Knaves sacred proclaim,
And then, like Slaves, fall down before 'em.
What can there be in Kings divine ?
The most are Wolves, Goats, Sheep, or Swine.

Then farewell, sacred Majesty,

Let's pull all brutish Tyrants down ;

Where Men are born, and still live free,

There ev'ry Head doth wear a Crown :

Mankind, like miserable Frogs,

Prove wretched, king'd by Storks and Logs.





The YOUNG STATESMEN.

A SATIRE.

I.

CLARENDON had Law and Sense,
CLIFFORD was fierce and brave ;
BENNET's grave Looks was a Pretence,
And **DANBY**'s matchless Impudence,
Help'd to support the Knave.

II.

But **SUNDERLAND**, **GODOLPHIN**, **LORY**,
These will appear such Chits in Story,
'Twill turn all Politicks to Jest,
To be repeated like **JOHN DORY**,
When Fiddlers sing at Feasts.

III.

Protect us, mighty Providence !
What would these Mad-men have ?
First they would bribe us without Pence,
Deceive us without common Sense,
And without Pow'r enslave.

IV.

Shall free-born Men, in humble Awe,
 Submit to servile Shame?
 Who from Consent, to Custom draw
 The same Right to be rul'd by Law,
 Which Kings pretend to reign.

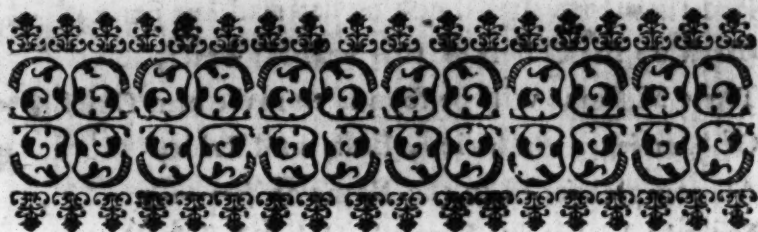
V.

The Duke shall wield his conq'ring Sword,
 The Chancellor make his Speech;
 The King shall pass his honest Word,
 The pawn'd Revenue Sums afford,
 And then come kiss my Breech.

VI.

So have I seen a King at Chess,
 His Rooks and Knights withdrawn;
 His Queen and Bishops in Distress,
 Shifting about, grow less and less,
 With here and there a Pawn.



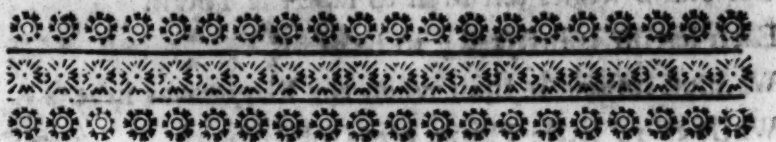


On the Lord Chancellor H——.

PRide, Lust, Ambition, and the Peoples Hate,
 The Kingdom's Broker, Ruin of the State,
 DUNKIRK's sad Loss, Divider of the Fleet,
 TANGIER's Compounder for a barren Sheer.
 This Shrub of Gentry, marry'd to the Crown,
 His Daughter to the Heir, is tumbled down;
 The grand Despiser of the Nobles, lies
 Grov'ling in Dust, as a just Sacrifice,
 T'appease the injur'd King and Nation;
 Who would believe this sudden Alteration?
 God will revenge too, for the Stones he took
 From aged *Paul's*, to make a Nest for *Rook*.
 More Cormorants of State, as well as he,
 We shortly hope in the same Plight to see.
 Go on, Great Prince, thy People do rejoyce;
 Methinks I hear the Nation's total Voice,
 Applauding this Day's Action to be such,
 As roasting *Rump*, or beating of the *Dutch*.
 Now look upon the wither'd Cavaliers,
 Who, for Reward, have nothing had but Tears:

Thanks to the *Wiltshire Hog*, Son of the *Spittle*,
Had they been look'd on, he had had but little.
Break up the Coffers of this hoarded Thief,
Three Millions will be found, to make him Chief
Of Sacrilege, Ambition, Lust, and Pride,
All comprehended in the Name of *H—* ;
For which, his due Reward, (I'd almost said)
The Nation may most justly claim his Head.





✓ P R O L O G U E.

Against the Disturbers of the PIT.

Gentle Reproofs have long been try'd in vain,
Men but despise us, while we but complain;
Such Numbers are concern'd for the wrong Side,
A weak Resistance still provokes their Pride,
And cannot stem the Fierceness of the Tide. }
Laughers, Buffoons, with an unthinking Crowd
Of gaudy Fools, impertinent and loud,
Insult in ev'ry Corner. Want of Sense,
Confirm'd with an outlandish Impudence,
Among the rude Disturbers of the Pit,
Have introduc'd ill Breeding and false Wit.
To boast their Lewdness, here young Scowrers meet,
And all the vile Companions of a Street,
Keep a perpetual Bawling at the Door,
Who beat the Bawd last Night? who bilk'd the Whore?
They snarl, but neither fight, nor pay a Farthing;
A Play-house is become a mere Bear-Garden,
Where ev'ry one with Insolence enjoys
His Liberty and Property of Noise.

Should true Sense, with revengeful Fire, come down,
Our *Sodom* wants ten Men to save the Town.

Each Parish is infected ; to be clear,

We must lose more than when the Plague was here.

While ev'ry little Thing perks up so soon,

That at Fourteen it hectors up and down

With the best Cheats and the worst Whores in Town ;

Swears at a Play, who should be whipt at School,

The Foplings must in Time grow up to rule ;

The Fashion must prevail to be a Fool.

Some pow'rful Muse, inspir'd for our Defence,

Arise, and save a little common Sense.

In such a Cause, let thy keen Satire bite,

Where Indignation bids thy Genius write ;

Mark a bold leading Coxcomb of the Town,

First single out the Beast, then hunt him down ;

Hang up his mangled Carcass on the Stage,

To fright away the Vermin of the Age.





In Defence of SATIRE.

By Sir CAR. SCROOPE.

WHen SHAKESPEAR, JOHNSON, FLETCHER,
ruPd the Stage,

They took so bold a Freedom with the Age,
That there was scarce a Knave or Fool in Town,
Of any Note, but had their Pictures shown :
And (without Doubt) tho' some it may offend,
Nothing helps more than *Satire*, to amend
Ill Manners, or is trulier Virtue's Friend.

Princes may Laws ordain, Priests gravely *preach*,
But Poets more successfully will teach :

For as a Passing-Bell frights from his Meat
The greedy sick Man, that too much wou'd eat ;
So, when a Vice ridiculous is made,

Our Neighbour's Shame keeps us from growing bad.

But wholesome Remedies few *Palates* please,

Men rather love what flatters their Disease ;

Pimps, Parasites, Buffoons, and all the Crew,

That under Friendship's Name weak Man undo,

Find their false Service kindlier understood,

Than such as tell bold Truths to do us good.

Look where you will, and you shall hardly find

A Man without some Sicknes of the Mind.

In vain we wise wou'd seem, while ev'ry Lust

Whisks us about, as Whirlwinds do the Dust.

Here, for some needles Gain, a Wretch is hurl'd
From Pole to Pole, and slav'd about the World ;
While the Reward of all his Pains and Care,
Ends in that despicable Thing, his *Heir*.

There a vain Fop mortgages all his Land,
To buy that gaudy Thing call'd, a *Command* ;
To ride a Cockhorse, wear a Scarf at's Arse,
And play *Jack Pudding* in a *May-day* Farce.

Here one, whom God to make a *Fool* thought fit,
In spite of Providence, will be a Wit :
But wanting Strength t'uphold his ill-made Choice,
Sets up with Lewdness, Blasphemy, and Noise.
There at his Mistress Feet a Lover lies,
And for a tawdry painted Baby dies ;
Falls on his Knees, adores, and is afraid
Of the vain Idol he himself has made.
These, and a thousand Fools not mention'd here,
Hate Poets all, because they Poets fear.
Take heed, they cry, yonder mad Dog will bite,
He cares not whom he falls on in his Fit ;
Come but in's Way, and strait a new *Lampoon*
Shall spread your mangled Fame about the Town.

But why am I this Bug-bear to you all ?
My Pen is dipp'd in no such bitter Gall.
He that can rail at one he calls his Friend,
Or hear him absent wrong'd, and not defend ;
Who, for the Sake of some ill-natur'd Jest,
Tells what he should conceal, invents the rest ;
To fatal Midnight-Quarrels, can betray
His brave Companion, * and then run away,

* Colonel *Donnes*.

Leaving him to be murder'd in the Street,
Then put it off, with some Buffoon Conceit :
This, this is He, you shou'd beware of all ;
Yet him a pleasant witty Man you call !
To whet your dull Debauches, up and down
You seek him, as top *Fidler* of the Town.
But if I laugh when your Court-Coxcombs show
To see the Booby *Sotus* dance *Provoe*,
Or chatt'ring *Porus* from the Side-Box grin,
Trick'd like a Lady's Monkey new made clean,
To me the Name of *Railer* strait you give,
Call me a Man that knows not how to live.

But Wenches to their Keepers true shall turn ;
Stale Maids of Honour proffer'd Husbands scorn ;
Great States-men Flattery and Clinches hate,
And, long in Office, die without Estate ;
Against a Bribe Court-Judges shall decide
The City Knavery, the Clergy Pride,
Ere that black Malice in my Rhimes you find ;
Which wrongs a worthy Man, or hurts a Friend.
But then perhaps you'll say, why did you write ?
What you call harmless Mirth, the World thinks Spite.
Why shou'd your Fingers itch to have a Lash
At *Simius* the Buffoon, or *Cully Bash* ?
What is't to you, if *Alidore's* fine Whore
Lies with some Fop, while he's shut out of Door ?
Consider too, that dang'rous Weapon, Wit,
Frights a whole Million, when some few you hit.
Whip but a Cur, as you ride through a Town,
And strait his Fellow-Curs his Quarrel own.

Each

Each Knave or Fool, that's conscious of a Crime,
Tho' now he 'scapes, looks for't another Time.

Sir, I confess all you have said is true;
But who has not some Folly to pursue?
Milo turn'd *Quixot*, fancy'd Battels fights,
When the fifth Bottle had increas'd the Lights.

Warlike Dirt-Pies, our Hero *Paris* forms,
Which desp'rate *Biffus* without Armour storms.

Cornus, the kindest Husband e'er was born,
Still courts the Spark that does his Brows adorn;
Invites him Home to dine, and fills his Veins
With the hot Blood which his dear Doxy drains.

Grandip, he thinks himself a *Beau-Gargon*,
Goggles his Eyes, writes Letters up and down, }
And with his sawcy Love plagues all the Town;
Whilst pleas'd to have his Vanity thus fed,
He's caught with *Gosnell*, that old Hag, a-bed.
But shou'd I all the crying Follies tell,
That rouze the sleeping *Satyr* from his Cell,
I to my Reader shou'd as tedious prove,
As that old Spark, *Albanus*, making Love;
Or florid *Roscius*, * when with some smooth Flam
He gravely on the Publick strives to sham.

Hold then, my Muse, 'tis Time to make an End,
Lest taxing others, thou thy self offend.
The World's a Wood, in which all lose their Way,
Though by a diff'rent Path each goes astray.

* *Mr. Betterton.*



*The Earl of ROCHESTER's Answer
to the Defence of Satire, written by
Sir C. SCROOP.*

TO rack and torture thy unmeaning Brain,
 In Satire's Praise, to a low untun'd Strain,
 In thee was most impertinent and vain.
 When in thy Person, we most plainly see
 That Satire's of divine Authority;
 For God made One of Man, when he made thee.
 To shew there are some Men, as there are Apes,
 Fram'd for mere Sport, who differ but in Shapes;
 In thee are all those Contradictions join'd,
 That make an Ass prodigious and refin'd.
 A Lump deform'd and shapeless wert thou born,
 Begot in Love's Despite, and Nature's Scorn,
 And art grown up the most ungrateful Wight,
 Harsh to the Ear, and hideous to the Sight;
 Yet Love's thy Business, Beauty thy Delight.
 Curse on that silly Hour that first inspir'd
 Thy Madness, to pretend to be admir'd,
 To paint thy grizly Face, to dance, to dress,
 And all those awkward Follies that express
 Thy loathsome Love, and filthy Daintiness;

Who

Who needs will be an ugly *Beau-Gargon*,
Spit at, and shunn'd by ev'ry Girl in Town;
Where dreadfully Love's Scare-crow thou art plac'd,
To fright the tender Flock that long to taste:
While ev'ry coming Maid, when you appear,
Starts back for Shame, and strait turns chaste for Fear:
For none so poor, or prostitute have prov'd,
Where you made Love, t' endure to be belov'd.
'Twere Labour lost, or else I would advise,
But thy *half* Wit will ne'er let thee be wise;
Half witty, and *half* mad, and scarce *half* brave,
Half honest, which is very much a Knave;
Made up of all these *Halves*, thou canst not pass
For any Thing *entire*, but for an *Ass*.





A Panegyrick upon NELLY.

OF a great Heroin I mean to tell,
 And by what just Degrees her Titles swell,
 To Mrs. *Nelly* grown, from *Cinder Nell*. }
 Much did she suffer first on Bulk and Stage,
 From the Black-Guard, and Bullies of the Age ;
 Much more her growing Virtue did sustain,
 While dear *Charles Hart* and *Buckhurst* su'd in vain.
 In vain they su'd ; curs'd be the envious Tongue
 That her undoubted Chastity would wrong ;
 For should we Fame believe, we then might say,
 That Thousands lay with her, as well as they :
 But, Fame, thou ly'st ; for her prophetick Mind
 Foresaw her Greatness, Fate had well design'd,
 And her Ambition chose to be, before
 A virtuous Countess, an Imperial Whore.
 E'en in her native Dirt her Soul was high,
 And did at Crowns and shining Monarchs fly ;
 E'en while she Cinders rak'd, her swelling Breast
 With Thoughts of glorious *Whoredom* was possess'd ;
 Still

Still did she dream (nor did her Birth withstand)
Of dangling Scepters in her dirty Hand.
But first the Basket her fair Arm did sute,
Laden with Pippins and *Hesperian* Fruit.
This first Step rais'd, to th' wond'ring Pit she fold
The lovely Fruit, smiling with Streaks of Gold.
Fate now for her did its whole Force engage,
And from the Pit she's mounted to the Stage;
There in full Lustre did her Glories shine,
And, long eclips'd, spread forth their Light divine;
There *Hart's* and *Rowley's* Soul she did ensnare,
And made a *King* the Rival to a Play'r.
The *King* o'ercomes, and to the Royal Bed
The Dunghill-Offspring is in Triumph led.
Nor let the Envious her first Rags object
To her, that's now in tawdry Gayness deck'd;
Her Merit does from this much greater show,
Mounting so high, that took her Rise so low.
Less fam'd that *Nelly* was, whose Cuckold's Rage
In ten Years Wars did half the World engage.
She's now the darling Strumpet of the Crowd,
Forgets her State, and talks to them aloud;
Lays by her Greatness, and descends to prate
With those 'bove whom she's rais'd by wond'rous Fate;
True to th' Protestant Interest and Cause,
True to th' establish'd Government and Laws;
The choice Delight of the whole *Mobile*,
Scarce *Monmouth's* Self is more belov'd than She.

the Earl of ROCHESTER. 67

Was this the Cause that did their Quarrel move,
That both are Rivals in the Peoples Love?
No, 'twas her matchless Loyalty alone,
That bid Prince *Perkin* pack up and be gone.
Ill-bred thou art, says Prince. *Nell* does reply,
Was Mrs. Barlow better bred than I?
Thus sneak'd away the Nephew, overcome,
By's *Aunt-in-Law's* severer Wit struck dumb.

Her Virtue, Loyalty, Wit, and noble Mind,
In the foregoing Doggrel you may find.

Now for her Piety, one Touch, and then
To *RYMER* I'll resign my Muse and Pen :

'Twas this that rais'd her Charity so high,
To visit those that did in Durance lie ;

From *Oxford* Prisons many did she free,
There dy'd her Father, and there glory'd she,
In giving others Life and Liberty :

So-pious a Rememb'rance still she bore,
E'en to the Fetters that her Father wore.

Nor was her Mother's Fun'ral less her Cäre,
No Cost, no Velvet, did the Daughter spare ;
Fine gilded 'Scutheons did the Herse enrich,
To celebrate this Martyr of the Ditch ;

Burnt Brandy did in flaming Brimmers flow,
Drunk at her Fun'ral ; while her well-pleas'd Shade
Rejoyc'd, e'en in the sober Fields below,
At all the Drunkenness her Death had made.

Was ever Child with such a Mother bless'd ?

Or ever Mother such a Child possess'd ?

Nor

Nor must her Cousin be forgot, preferr'd
From many Years Command in the Black-Guard,
To be an Ensign ; —————
Whose tatter'd Colours well do represent
His first Estate i'th' ragged Regiment.

Thus we, in short, have all the Virtues seen
Of the incomparable Madam G W Y N ;
Nor wonder, Others are not with her shown ;
She who no Equal has, must be Alone.



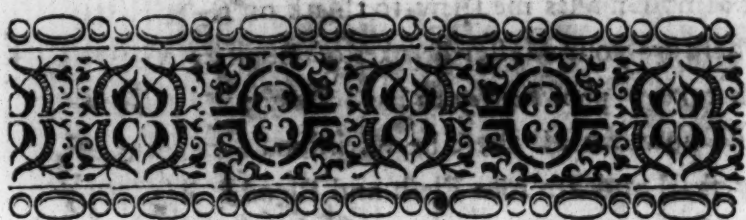


The Royal ANGLER.

METHINKS I see our mighty Monarch stand,
 His Pliant Angle trembling in his Hand,
 Pleas'd with the Sport, good Man ; nor does he know
 His easy Scepter bends and trembles so.
 Fine Representative, indeed, of God,
 Whose Scepter's dwindled to a Fishing-Rod.
 Such was *Domitian* in his *Romans* Eyes,
 When his great Godship sloop'd to catching Flies. }
 Bless us ! what pretty Sport have *Deities*.
 But see, he now does up from *Datchet* come,
 Laden with Spoils of slaughter'd *Gudgeons* Home.
 Nor is he warn'd by their unhappy Fate ; }
 But greedily he swallows ev'ry Bait,
 A Prey to ev'ry *King-fisher* of State : }
 For how he *Gudgeons* takes you have been taught ;
 Then listen now, how he Himself is caught.
 So well, alas ! the fatal Bait is known,
 Which *Rowley* does so greedily take down ;
 That howe'er weak and slender be the String,
 Bait it with *Whore*, and it will hold a *King*.
 Almighty Pow'r of Women ! oh, how vain
 Are *Salique Laws* ! for You will ever reign.

Yet

Yet *Lawson*, thou, whose arbitrary Sway,
 Our King must more than we do him, obey ;
 Who shortly shall of easy *Charles's* Breast,
 And of his Empire, be at once possess'd.
 Tho' it indeed appear a glorious Thing,
 Pow'r to command, and to enslave a King ;
 Yet, e'er the false Appearance has betray'd
 A soft, believing, unexperienc'd Maid,
 Oh ! yet consider, e'er it be too late,
 How near you stand upon the Brink of Fate.
 Think who they are, who would for you procure
 This great Preferment, to be made a Whore ;
 Two rev'rend Aunts, renown'd in *British* Story,
 For Lust and Drunkenness, with *Nell* and *Lory* :
 These, these are they your Fame would sacrifice,
 Your Honour sell, and you shall know the Price.
 My Lady *Mary* nothing can design,
 But feed her Lust with what she gets for thine.
 Old *Richmond*, making thee a glorious Punk,
 Shall twice a Day with Brandy now be drunk :
 Her Brother *Buckingham* shall be restor'd,
Nelly a Countess, *Lory* be a Lord.
 And sure all Honours should on him be thrown,
 Both for his Father's Merit, and his own :
 For *Dunkirk* first was sold by *Clarendon*,
 And now *Tangier* is selling by the Son :
 A barren Queen the Father brought us o'er,
 To make Way for the Son to bring a Whore.



PORTSMOUTH'S *Looking-Glass.*

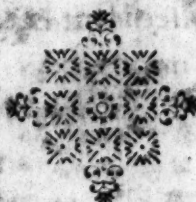
MEthinks I see you newly risen
From your embroider'd Bed, and pissing,
With study'd Mein and much Grimace,
Present your self before your Glass,
To varnish and smooth o'er those Graces
You rubb'd off in your Night-Embraces;
To set your Hair, your Eyes, your Teeth,
And all those Pow'rs you conquer with:
Lay Trains of Love, and State-Intrigues,
In Powders, Trimmings, and curl'd Wigs;
And nicely chuse, and neatly spread
Upon your Cheeks the best *French Red*.
Indeed, for *Whites*, none can compare
With those you naturally wear:
And tho' her Highness much delights
To laugh and talk about your *Whites*,
I never could perceive your Grace
Made Use of any for your Face.
Here 'tis you practise all your Art,
To triumph o'er a *Monarch's Heart*;

Tattle,

Tattle, and smile, and wink and twink on't,
It almost makes me spew to think on't.
These are your Master-Strokes of Beauty,
That keep poor Rowley to hard Duty ;
And how can all these be withstood
By frail and am'rous Flesh and Blood ?
These are the Charms that have bewitch'd him,
As if a Conjurer's Rod had switch'd him ;
Made him he knows not what to do,
But loll and fumble here with you.
Amongst your Ladies, and his Chits,
At Cards and Council here he sits ;
Yet minds not how they play at either,
Nor cares he when 'tis walking Weather ;
Bus'ness and Pow'r he has resign'd,
And all Things to your mighty Mind.
Is there a *Minister of State*,
Or any *Treasurer of late*,
That's fawning and imperious too,
He owes his Greatness all to you ;
And as you see just Cause to do't,
You keep him in, or turn him out.
Hence 'tis you give us *War and Peace*,
Raise Men, disband them, as you please ;
Take any Pensions, retrench Wages,
For Petticoats, and lusty Pages ;
Contrive and execute all Laws,
Suiting the Judges to the Cause ;
Learn'd Scroggs, and honest Jefferies,
A faithful Friend to you, whoe'er is ;

He made the Jury come in Booty ;
And, for your Service, would hang *Doughty*.
You govern every Council-Meeting,
Make the Fools do as you think fitting :
Your *Royal Cully* has Command
Only from you, at second Hand ;
He does but at the Helm appear,
Sits there and sleeps, while your Slaves steer ;
And you are the bright *Northern* Star,
By which they guide this Man of War ;
Yet, without Doubt, they might conduct
Him better, were you better ———.
Many begin to think of late,
His Crown and C—ds have both one Date ;
For as they fall, so falls the State.
And as his Loins prove loose and weak,
The Reins of Government must break.

}



LAIS JUNIOR. *A Pindarick.*

I.

LET Antients boast no more
 Their lewd Imperial Whore,
 Whose everlasting Lust
 Surviv'd her Body's latest Thrust;
 And when that transitory Dust
 Had no more Vigour left in Store,
 Was still as fresh and active as before.

II.

Her Glory must give Place
 To one of modern *British* Race,
 Whose ev'ry daily Act exceeds
 The other's most transcendent Deeds:
 She has, at length, made good,
 That there is human Flesh and Blood,
 Even able to out-do
 All that their loosest Wishes prompt them to.

III.

When she has jaded quite
 Her almost boundless Apperite,
 Cloy'd with the choicest Banquets of Delight,
 She'll still drudge on in tasteless Vice,
 As if she sinn'd for Exercise;

}

Disabling

the Earl of ROCHESTER.

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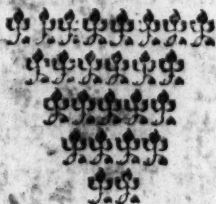
Disabling stoutest Stallions ev'ry Hour ;
And when they can perform no more,
She'll rail at them, and kick 'em out of Door.

IV.

Monmouth and *Candish* droop,
As first did *Henningham* and *Scroop* ;
Nay, scabby *Ned* looks thin and pale,
And sturdy *Frank* himself begins to fail ;
But Woe betide him, if he does,
She'll set her *Jocky* on his Toes,
And he shall end the Quarrel without Blows.

V.

Now tell me, all ye Powers,
Who e'er could equal this lewd *Dame* of ours ?
Lais her self must yield,
And vanquish'd *Julia* quit the Field :
Nor can that *Princess*, one Day fam'd
As Wonder of the Earth,
For *Minotaurus*' glorious Birth,
With Admiration any more be nam'd.
Those puny Heroins of History,
Eclips'd by her, shall all forgotten be,
Whilst her great Name confronts Eternity.





Upon NOTHING.

I.

Nothing, thou elder Brother ev'n to Shade,
Thou hadst a Being e'er the World was made,
And (well fix'd) art alone of ending not afraid.

II.

E'er Time and Place were, Time and Place were not,
When *primitive Nothing* Something strait begot,
Then all proceeded from the great united What ?

III.

Something, the natural *Attribute* of all,
Sever'd from thee its sole *Original*,
Into thy boundless Self must undistinguish'd fall.

IV.

Yet Something did thy mighty Pow'r command,
And from thy fruitful Emptiness's Hand
Snatch'd *Men, Beasts, Birds, Fire, Water, Air, and Land.*

V.

Matter, the wicked'st Offspring of thy Race,
By *Form* assisted, flew from thy Embrace,
And *Rebel Light* obscur'd thy rev'rend dusky Face.

VI.

VI.

With *Form* and *Matter* *Time* and *Place* did join ;
Body, thy Foe, with these did Leagues combine,
 To spoil thy peaceful *Reign*, and ruin all thy *Line*.

VII.

But Turn-coat *Time* assists thy Foes in vain,
 And, brib'd by thee, destroys their short-liv'd *Reign*,
 And to thy hungry *Womb* drives back thy Slaves again.

VIII.

These *Mysteries* are barr'd from Laick's Eyes,
 And the Divine alone with Warrant pries
 Into thy *Bosom*, where the *Truth* in private lies.

IX.

Yet this of thee the *Wise* may truly say,
 Thou from the *Virtuous* nothing tak'st away ;
 And to be Part of thee, the *Wicked* wisely pray.

X.

Great *Negative*, how vainly wou'd the *Wise*
 Enquire, define, distinguish, teach, devise,
 Did'st thou not stand to point their dull *Philosophies*.

XI.

Is, or *Is not*, the two great Ends of Fate,
 And *True* or *False* the Subject of Debate,
 That perfect or destroy the vast Designs of Fate.

XII.

When they have rack'd the Politician's Breast,
 Within thy *Bosom* most securely rest ;
 And when reduc'd to thee, are least unsafe, and best.



Upon NOTHING.

I.

Nothing, thou *elder Brother* ev'n to *Shade*,
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 That perfect or destroy the vast *Designs* of *Fate*.

XII.

When they have rack'd the *Politician's* *Breast*,
 Within thy *Bosom* most securely rest ;
 And when reduc'd to thee, are least unsafe, and best.

XIII.

But *Nothing*, why does *Something* still permit
That sacred *Monarchs* shou'd at Council sit
With *Persons* highly thought, at best, for *Nothing* fit?

XIV.

Whilst weighty *Something* modestly abstains
From Princes *Coffers*, and from States-mens *Brains*,
And nothing there, like stately *Nothing* reigns.

XV.

Nothing, who dwell'st with Fools in grave Disguise,
For whom the Rev'rend, *Shapes* and *Forms* devise,
Lawn Sleeves, and Furs, and Gowns, when they like
thee look wise.

XVI.

French Truth, *Dutch* Prowess, *British* Policy,
Hibernian Learning, *Scotch* Civility,
Spaniards Dispatch, *Danes* Wit, are mainly seen in thee.

XVII.

The great *Man's* Gratitude to his best *Friend*,
Kings Promises, *Whores* Vows, toward thee they tend,
Flow swiftly into Thee, and in Thee ever End.



A RAMBLE in St. JAMES'S PARK.

Much Wine had past, with grave Discourse,
 Of who — who, and who does worse,
 Such as you usually do hear
 From them that diet at the *Bear* ;
 When I, who still take Care to see
 Drunkenness reliev'd by Lechery,
 Went out into St. *James's* Park,
 To cool my Head, and fire my Heart ;
 But tho' St. *James* has the Honour on't,
 'Tis consecrate to — and —
 There, by a most incestuous Birth,
 Strange Woods spring from the teeming Earth ;
 For they relate how, heretofore,
 When ancient *Pist* began to whore,
 Deluded of his Assignment,
 (Jilting, it seems, was then in Fashion)
 Poor pensive Lover in this Place
 Wou'd — upon his Mother's Face ;
 Whence Rows of Mandrakes tall did rise,
 Whose lewd Tops — the very Skies.

Each imitative Branch doestwine
 In some lov'd Fold of *ARETINE*;
 And Nightly now beneath their Shade,
 Are Bugg'ries, Rapes, and Incests made.
 Unto this All-shelt'ring Grove,
 Whores of the Bulk and the Alcove,
 Great Ladies, Chamber-maids, and Drudges,
 The Rag-picker, and Heirefs trudges;
 Car-men, Divines, great Lords, and Taylors,
 Poets, Pimps, 'Prentices, and Jaylors,
 Foot-boys, fine Fops, do here arrive,
 And here promiscuously they ———

Along these hallow'd Walks it was
 That I beheld *CORINNA* pass;
 Whoever had been by to see
 The proud Disdain she cast on me
 Thro' charming Eyes, he wou'd have sworn
 She dropp'd from Heav'n that very Hour,
 Forsaking the Divine Abode,
 In Scorn of some despairing God.
 But mark what Creatures Women are,
 So infinitely vile and fair!

Three Knights o' th' Elbow and the Slur,
 With wrigling Tails made up to her.

The first was of your *Whitehall* Blades,
 Near Kin to th' Mother of the Maids;
 Grac'd by whose Favour, he was able
 To bring a Friend to th' Waiters Table,
 Where he had heard *SIR EDWARD SUTTON*
 Say how the King lov'd *Bansted* Mutton;

Since

Since when, he'd ne'er be brought to eat,
By's good Will, any other Meat.
In this, as well as all the rest,
He ventures to do like the Best:
But wanting common Sense, th' Ingredient
In chusing well not least expedient,
Converts abortive Imitation
To universal Affectation:
So he not only eats and talks,
But feels and smells, sits down and walks;
Nay, looks, and lives, and loves by Rote,
In an old taudry Birth-day Coat.

The second was a *Grays-Inn Wit*,
A great Inhabiter of the Pit,
Where Critick-like he sits and *squints*,
Steals Pocket-handkerchiefs and *Hints*
From's Neighbour and the Comedy,
To court and pay his Landlady.

The third, a Lady's eldest Son,
Within few Years of twenty one,
Who hopes, from his propitious Fate,
Against he comes to his Estate,
By these two *Worthies* to be made
A most accomplish'd tearing *Blade*.
One in a Strain 'twixt *Tune* and *Nonsense*,
Cries; *Madam, I have lov'd you long since,*
Permit me your fair Hand to kiss,
When at her Mouth her ——— says Yes.

In short, without much more ado,
Joyful and pleas'd away she flew,

And with these three confounded Asses,
 From Park to Hackney-Coach she passes.
 So a proud Bitch does lead about
 Of humble Curs the amorous Rout,
 Who most obsequiously do hunt
 The fav'ry Scent of Salt-sworn ———.
 Some Pow'r more patient, now relate
 The Sense of this surprizing Fate.
 Gods ! that a Thing admir'd by me,
 Shou'd taste so much of Infamy !
 Had she pick'd out, to rub her A—e on,
 Some lusty Clown, or well-hung Parson,
 Each Jobb of whose spermatick Sluice
 Had fill'd her ——— with wholesome Juice,
 I, the Proceeding shou'd have prais'd,
 In hope she 'ad quench'd a Fire I rais'd :
 Such nat'ral Freedoms are but just,
 There's something gen'rous in mere Lust :
 But to turn damn'd abandon'd Jade,
 When neither Head nor Tail perswade ;
 To be a Whore in Understanding,
 A passive Pot for Fools to ——— in ;
 The Devil play'd Booty sure with thee,
 To bring a Blot of Infamy.
 But why was I, of all Mankind,
 To so severe a Fate design'd ?
 Ungrateful ! why this Treachery
 To humble, fond, believing me,
 Who gave you Priv'leges above
 The nice Allowances of Love ?

the Earl of ROCHESTER. 83

Did ever I refuse to bear
 The meanest Part your Lust cou'd spare?
 When your Jewd ——— came spewing Home,
 Drench'd with the ——— of half the Town,
 My Dram of ——— was supp'd up after,
 For the digestive *Surfeit-Water*.
 Full gorged, at another Time,
 With a vast Meal of nasty Slime,
 Which your devouring ——— had drawn
 From Porters Backs and Foot-mens Brawn,
 I was content to serve you up
 My ——— full for your Grace-Cup;
 Nor ever thought it an Abuse,
 While you had Pleasure for Excuse.
 You that cou'd make my Heart away
 For Noise and Colours, and betray
 The Secrets of my tender Hours
 To such Knight-Errant Paramours;
 When leaning on your faithless Breast,
 Wrapt in Security and Rest,
 Soft Kindness all my Powers did move,
 And Reason lay dissolv'd in Love.
 May stinking *Vapour* choak your Womb,
 Such as the *Men* you doat upon;
 May your depraved Appetite,
 That cou'd in whiffing *Fool's* delight,
 Beget such *Frenzies* in your *Mind*,
 You may go mad for the *North-wind*,
 And fixing all your Hopes upon't,
 To have him bluster in your ———,

Turn up your longing A—e to the Air,
 And perish in a wild Despair.
 But *Cowards* shall forget to rant,
School-Boys to ———, old *Whores* to paint;
 The *Jesuits Fraternity*
 Shall leave the Use of *Buggery*;
Crab-Louse, inspir'd with Grace divine,
 From earthy Cod, to *Heav'n* shall climb;
Physicians shall believe in *Jesus*,
 And Disobedience cease to please us,
 E'er I desist with all my Power
 To plague this *Woman*, and undo her.
 But my Revenge will best be tim'd
 When she is *marry'd*, that is, join'd;
 In that most lamentable State,
 I'll make her feel my Scorn and Hate;
 Pelt her with Scandals, Truth, or Lies,
 And her poor *Cur* with Jealousies,
 'Till I have torn him from her *Breech*,
 While she whines like a Dog-drawn *Bitch*,
 Loath'd and depriv'd, kick'd out of *Town*
 Into some dirty Hole alone,
 To chew the *Cud* of *Misery*,
 And know she owes it all to me.
 And may no *Woman* better thrive,
 Who dares prophane the ——— I ———.



BATH *Intrigues.*

The Argument.

*How Tall-Boy, K— P—, S— P— did contend
For Bridegroom D—, Friend did fight with Friend ;
But Man of God, by Lay-men called Parson,
Contriv'd, by Turns, how each might rub her A—: on.*

SAY, Heav'n-born *Muse*, for only thou can'st tell,
How Discord dire between two Widows fell :
What made the fair One, and her well-shap'd Mother,
Duty forget, and pious Nature smother.
Who was most modest, virtuous, or fair,
Was not the Cause of Contest, I dare swear.
Nor Wit, nor Breeding, rais'd this Emulation ;
Those Things with them are Trifles out of Fashion.
Great was the Strife rais'd up by envious Fate,
To ruin P—— happy Reign and State.

When R—— with evil Eye beheld
The three dear Friends, his Heart with Rancour swell'd
That,

That in one House they were, of one Accord,
 Wanton in Bed, and riotous at Board,
 Preferring brawny G—— to spiny Lord ;
 He vow'd to break this triple League of Love,
 And from their Breasts sweet *Friendship* to remove.

In a foul Day from bawdy Bath he flies,
 To put in Act his hasted Enterprize.
 I' th' Bow'r of Bliss, where sacred B—— dwells,
 There lives a Hag deep read in Charms and Spells,
 Philters and Potions, that by Magick Skill
 Can give an Eunuch Stones, and —— its Fill ;
 Babes, at her Call, fly from the breeding Womb,
 With Neighbour T—— in loathsome Jakes to roam ;
 As oft as Finger —— rape
 The Virgin Hymen, she repairs the Gap.
 Fam'd thro' the World for the —— mending Trade,
 To her he goes, t' implore her mighty Aid ;
 By Men she's call'd the *Mother of the Maids*.
 Hail, worthy Dame, (said he) replete with Grace,
 Mother o' th' Maids, Daughter of Noble Race !
 Whilst Men of God to Betty Blackborne go,
 Whilst —— and Pen with White and Black does flow,
 My lasting Verse shall magnify thy Fame,
 And melting —— adore thy holy Name ;
 Therefore, dear Mother, lend thine equal Ear
 To my Complaint, and favour my just Pray'r.
 There is a * Place, down a gloomy Vale,
 Where burthen'd Nature lays her nasty Tail ;

Ten

Ten thousand Pilgrims thither do resort
 For Ease, Disease, for Lechery and Sport :
 Thither two Beldams and a jilting Wife
 Came to ——— off the tedious Hours of Life.
 I, willing to contribute to their Joy,
 Offer'd my Mite to th' young insatiate Toy,
 Who banish'd Luck, 'cause ——— he cou'd not cloy.
 Her upright Dam, K— P—, the wise old Jew,
 Told me, I must twelve Times her Womb bedew,
 E'er her Child S— P— should her Buttocks shew.
 Resolv'd to win (like Hercules) the Prize,
 Twelve Times I scour'd the Kennel 'twixt her Thighs ;
 The cheating Filt, at th' twelfth, A Dry-bob cries.
 My ——— and I, thus cross-bit, in high Rage
 Appeal'd to th' skilful Sticklers on the Stage ;
 With that, fair Tall-boy and bold S— P— come,
 To squeeze my ———, and pass their final Doom ;
 Saying, If one Priapus I could shew,
 One holy Relick of kind pearly Dew,
 I the twelfth Time in K— P—'s A—e did spew.
 To their deciding Test I did submit ;
 Priapus squeez'd, a Snow-ball did emit :
 Yet these two partial Dames A Dry-bob cry,
 Perform your Bargain, (Peer) or ——— and die.
 Thus was I rook'd of twelve substantial ———
 By these base stinking over-itching ———.
 Your Aid, your Aid, dear Mother me inspire
 With apt Revenge, to feed my raging Fire.
 The gracious Matron, smiling on him, said,
 Be it as thou desirest, my dear-lov'd Lad ;

For this Abuse, the Rump-fed Runts shall mourn,
'Till slimy — to grimy A—e-hole turn.

By her Cave's Mouth a verdant Myrtle grows,
Bearing Love's Trophies on his sacred Boughs ;

The Crowns of Kings were offer'd to this Shrine,
D — and M — of the Royal Line ;

Fair Ladies Hearts, with mix'd P — transfix'd,
In mystick Manner make the Crucifix.

To th' Tree she leads him, from a Bough pulls down
A mighty Tool, a D — of Renown ;

A D — long and large as Hector's Lance,
Inscribed, *Honi soit qui Mal y Pense.*

Knight of the Garter made for's vast Deserts,
As modern Hero was for's monst'rous Parts.

This, pious Son, (said she) nail up in Box,
By Carrier send it these Salt-burning Nocks,
Directed thus : To th' Lady most deserving,
Who's made most Slaves, and kept most — from starving.

O'er-joy'd with hop'd Success, away he flies
To Bath, disguis'd, to bear the welcome Prize ;
But when they saw the Image of bless'd Man,
Who can express how fast, how swift they ran,
Each for herself to seiz't ! No Dog at Deer,
Nor Hawk at Hern, shew'd such a swift Career ;
At once they fouse on the beloved Prey,
And sworn Friends do engage in mortal Fray.
Old K — P —, dreadful to her Friends and Foes,
Like *Luxemburgh* in Back and Breast Plate shows.
Gigantick Tall-boy, famed in the West
For Cornish Hug, to th' Fight herself address ;

Whilst

the Earl of ROCHESTER. 89

Whilst the Child S— P— hop'd to steal away,
 By Stratagem, the Glory of the Day.
 But all in vain, *Tall-boy* with one Hand held
Jove's Prize, with th' other crafty S— P— fell'd;
 But Looks, nor Menaces, nor crashing Blow,
 Cou'd make stout K— P— quit her lov'd D— :
 Undaunted, she maintain'd a cruel Fight,
 For Conquest scratch'd and tore with all her Might.
 So have I seen a crump-back'd *Crab-louse* stick
 With fervent Love to lick creating — ;
 The more he pulls, the more the loving Wretch
 Does strive to stay, and to each Hair does catch ;
 'Till murd'ring Man, enrag'd, from — tears
 The Nock-born Brat, and ends his hopeful Years.
 So had it far'd with K— P—, had not Fate
 Sent *Man of God* to end the dire Debate.

*What Rage, what Fury (said he) does ye stir,
 To shed the Blood of Saints in cruel War ?
 How will you make the Mother-Church to mourn,
 And to Fanaticks be the publick Scorn ?*

*For Shame, dear Souls, reserve your Noble Blood
 To spend with Man. Abash'd the Warriors stood,
 To see the holy Father in the Place ;
 But strait on th' Matter putting a good Face,
 Thus K— P— spake: To you, O Rev'rend Sir,
 The Justness of the Cause I will transfer ;
 A Cause too great for Lay-men vile to try ;
 Fit for Plus Ultra's deep Divinity ;
 A Cause for which bless'd Saints above wou'd die !*

}
 The

The modest *Tall-boy* so devout appears,
 Tho' stealing —, you'd think she said her Pray'rs;
 And tho' she'ad almost won the bloody Field,
 With S— P— (*Babe of Grace*) to this does yield.
 The Cause being stated, holy Man does pray
 For a Blessing on's Endeavours, then does say :

Whereas, sage Matrons, you do all agree
Your Case to yield to my Integrity,
Fitter for general Council, than weak me ;
D—— a lawful Tool, deny't who can,
I'll prove 'tis made for a Meet-help for Man ;
As unto Rector, Curate is Assistant,
So D—— to fall'n —, when — has piss'd on't.
But here's th' Elect ordain'd for Propagation,
Who trusts in this, is blest'd in Generation :
This has done more than Tunbridge, Bath, or Epsom ;
Though ne'er so barren, this is sure to help 'em.

Then pulling out the Rector of the Females,
 Nine Times he bath'd him in their piping hot Tails.
 Pánting, quoth he, *Now Peace be on you all ;*
When I am absent, then on D—— call ;
As those in holy Church to Image pray,
When Wonder-working Saint is out o' th' Way.

Thus all well-pleas'd, to Church away they go,
 To sing *Te Deum* for their dear D——.



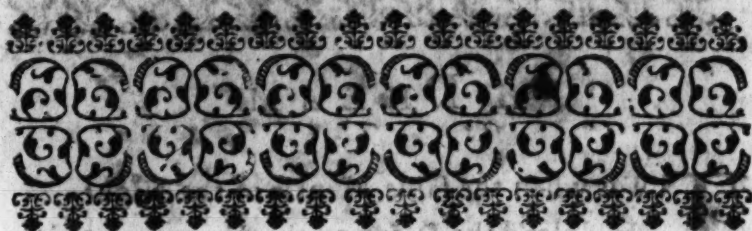
✓ On the CHARMS of HIDDEN TREASURE.

A PARADOX.

THou mighty Princess, lovely Queen of Holes,
 Whose Monarchy the bravest Men controuls;
 Shut up in awful and Majestick State,
 How dost thou make thy poor Adorers wait?
 Reserv'd as *Prester-John*, as seldom seen
 As the most shily kept *Sultana* Queen.
 Thou Crown of *Sense*, nay, more superlative,
 Thou very Quintessence of all the Five;
 No *Civet-Cat* had ever such a Smell,
 Thy Essence does all other Sweets excel.
 How is our Relish by thy Taste increas'd,
 When this one Bit is more than a whole Feast?
 Beauty of Beauties, Darling of the Eye,
 The Face is but a Mark to hit thee by,
 Thou art the Spot of *Cupid's* Archery:
 Whether your Ornamental Locks you wear,
 Or go, like *Eastern* Beauties, smooth and bare;
 Whether full-grown the manly Beard appears,
 Or Virgin-Lips shew fewer Hairs than Years;

Yet

Yet all true Beauty shines, as on a Throne,
 In her full Splendor, from thy Sight alone.
 To please thy Friends, and to confute thy Foes,
 Thou hast a Mouth beyond fam'd Cicero's;
 A Mouth, whose silent Rhetorick affords
 More strong Perswasives, than all Tully's Words.
 'Twas such a Mouth did *Paris* more convince,
 Than *Juno's* Power, or *Pallas* Eloquence.
 'Twas such a Mouth *Achilles* did perswade,
 And *Hercules*, to live in Masquerade,
 Which all the Force of Arms could ne'er have made.
 'Twas such a Mouth taught *Anthony* to scorn
 The glorious Name to which that Prince was born.
 To such Perswasions, mighty *Julius* gave
 That Crown th' *Egyptian* Army could not save,
 And of a Conqueror became a Slave.
 Still there remains one Sense, which we may call
 One that is all the rest, is more than all.
 Who can describe thy more than pleasing Touch?
 That is a mighty Task, for me too much,
 Who scarce am known to her of whom I write,
 And had but once the Honour of her Sight.
 None can her charming Virtues duly tell,
 But he who comes inspir'd from her own Well,
 Whose Virtues does all *Helicon's* excel.



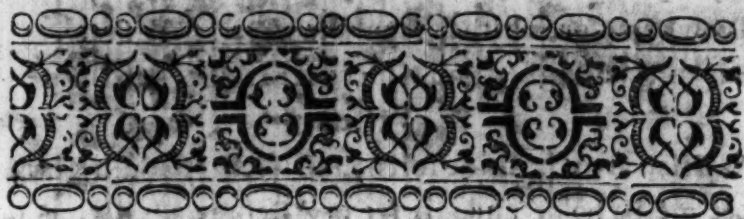
✓ On the WOMEN about Town.

TOO long the wise Commons have been in Debate
 About Money and Conscience, those Trifles of
 whilst dangerous Grievances daily increase, [State ;
 The Subject can't riot in Safety and Peace,
 Unless, as against *Irish* Cattel before,
 They should now make an Act against *Irish* Whore.
 The *Coots* black, and white, *Glanbrazil*, and *Fox*,
 Invade us with Impudence, Beauty, and Pox ;
 They carry a Fate, which none can oppose,
 The Loss of his Heart, or the Fall of his Nose :
 Should we dully resist, yet would each take upon her
 To beseech us to do't, and engage us in Honour.
 Oh ! ye Powers above, who of Mortals take Care,
 Make *Women* less cruel, more sound, or less Fair.
 Is it just cruel Fate with Love should conspire,
 And our — be burnt, by our Hearts taking Fire ?



A DREAM.

T Was when the sable Mantle of the Night
 Had clos'd the Day, and chac'd away the Light;
 'Twas when the *Raven* and the *Owl* begins
 To make Mens Conscience tremble for their Sins;
 Methought I then was Arming for my Dear,
 Ready to pay what I had promis'd her.
 Methought I found her prostrate on her Bed,
 Only her Smock cov'ring her *Maidenhead*;
 I heav'd it up, sweet Linnen, by your Favour;
 I felt, but how my Fingers then did favour!
 I look'd, and saw the *blind Boy's* happy Cloyster,
 Arch'd on both Sides, lay gaping like an Oyster;
 I had a Tool before me, which I put
 Up to the Quick, and strait the Oyster shut;
 It shut, and clung so fast at ev'ry Stroke,
 As does the loving *Ivy* to the *Oak*;
 I thrust it hard, and still was in some Hope,
 The Liquor came, but yet it would not ope;
 And then I fainted; but at second Bout
 It open'd, and made Way to let me out.
 It gap'd, and would have made a dead Man skip
 To see it mump, and wag its upper Lip:
 Thus I awak'd; mock'd by my lustful Brain,
 I felt my Belly wet, and slept again.



To his MISTRESS.

I.

WHY dost thou shade thy lovely Face? O why
Does that eclipsing Hand of thine deny
The Sun-shine of the Sun's enlivening Eye?

II.

Without Thy Light, what Light remains in me?
Thou art my Life, my Way, my Light's in Thee;
I live, I move, and by Thy Beams I see.

III.

Thou art my Life; if Thou but turn away,
My Life's a thousand Deaths, Thou art my Way;
Without Thee, Love, I travel not, but stray.

IV.

My Light Thou art; without thy glorious Sight,
My Eyes are darken'd with eternal Night;
My Love, Thou art my Way, my Life, my Light.

V.

Thou art my Way, I wander if Thou fly;
Thou art my Light, if hid, how blind am I?
Thou art my Life, if Thou withdraw'st, I die.

VI.

VI.

My Eyes are dark and blind, I cannot see ;
To whom, or whither should my Darkneſs flee,
But to that Light, and who's that Light, but Thee ?

VII.

As Thou art all, ſhine forth, and draw Thou nigher,
Let me be bold, and die for my Deſire ;
A *Phoenix* likes to periſh in the Fire.

VIII.

If my puſt Life be out, give Leave to join
My ſhameleſs Snuff to the bright Lamp of Thine ;
Ah ! what's Thy Light the leſs, for lighting Mine ?

IX.

If I have loſt my Path, dear Lover, ſay,
Shall I ſtill wander in a doubtful Way ?
Love, ſhall a Lamb of *Iſrael's* Sheep-fold, ſtray ?

X.

My Path is loſt, my wand'ring Steps do ſtray,
I cannot go, nor can I ſafely ſtay ;
Whom ſhould I ſeek, but Thee, my Path, my Way ?

XI.

And yet Thou turn'ſt thy Face away, and fly'ſt me ;
And yet I ſue for Grace, and Thou deny'ſt me ;
Speak, art Thou angry, Love, or only try'ſt me ?

XII.

Diſplay thoſe heav'nly Lamps, or tell me why
Thou ſhad'ſt my Face ? Perhaps no Eye
Can view their Flames, and not drop down and die.

XIII.

XIII.

Thou art the Pilgrim's Path, the blind Man's Eye,
The dead Man's Life ; on Thee my Hopes rely ;
If I but them remove, I surely die.

XIV.

Dissolve thy Sun-Beams, close thy Wings, and stay ;
See, see how I am blind, and dead, and stray :
Oh ! Thou that art my *Life*, my *Light*, my *Way*!

XV.

Then work thy Will ; if Passion bid me flee,
My Reason shall obey, my Wings shall be
Stretch'd out no farther than from Me to Thee.





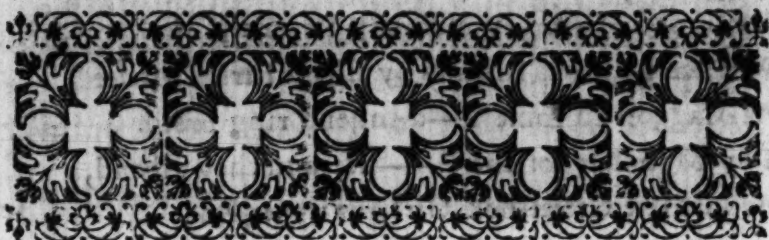
To the † AUTHOR of a Play call'd SODOM.

TELL me, abandon'd Miscreant, prithee tell
 What damned Power, invok'd and sent from Hell
 (If Hell were bad enough) did thee inspire
 To write, what Fiends, asham'd, wou'd blushing hear?
 Hast thou of late embrac'd some *Succubus*,
 And us'd the lewd Familiar for a Muse?
 Or didst thy Soul by Inch of Candle sell,
 To gain the glorious Name of Pimp to Hell?
 If so, go, and its vow'd Allegiance swear,
 Without 'Preß-Money, be its Volunteer.
 May he who envies thee, deserve thy Fate,
 Deserve both Heaven's and Mankind's Scorn and Hate.
 Disgrace to Libels! Foil to very Shame!
 Whom 'tis a Scandal to vouchsafe to name.
 What foul Description's foul enough for Thee,
 Sunk quite below the Reach of Infamy?
 Thou cover'st to be lewd, but want'st the Might,
 And art all over Devil, but in Wit.
 Weak feeble Strainer at mere Ribaldry,
 Whose Muse is impotent to that Degree,
 It must, like Age, be whipt to Lechery.
 Vile Sot, who, clapt with Poetry, art sick,
 And void'st Corruption like a shanker'd ———,

Like

† One Fish, a wretched Scribler.

Like Ulcers thy imposthum'd addle Brains
 Drop into Matter, which thy Paper stains;
 Whence nauseous Rhimes by filthy Births proceed,
 As Maggots in some T—d ingend'ring breed.
 Thy Muse has got the F——rs, and they ascend,
 As in some Green-sick Girl, at upper End.
 Sure Nature made, or meant at least to 'ave don't,
 Thy Tongue a Cl——ris, thy Mouth a ——.
 How well a D—— wou'd that Place become,
 To gag it up, and make't for ever dumb?
 At least it should be syring'd ——,
 Or wear some stinking Merkin for a Beard,
 That all from its base Converse might be scar'd,
 As they a Door shut up, and mark'd, beware,
 That tells Infection and the Plague is there.
 Thou *Moor-Fields* Author, fit for Bawds to quote,
 (If Bawds themselves with Honour safe may do't)
 When Suburb 'Prentice comes to hire Delight,
 And wants Incentives to dull Appetite:
 There Punk, perhaps, may thy brave Works rehearse,
 F—— the senseless Thing with Hand and Verse,
 Which after shall (preferr'd to Dressing-Box)
 Hold Turpentine, and Med'cines for the Pox.
 Or (if I may ordain a Fate more fit
 For thy foul nasty Excrements of Wit)
 May they condemn'd to th' publick *Jakes* be lent,
 (For me, I'd fear the Piles in Vengeance sent,
 Shou'd I with them profane my Fundament.)
 There bugger wiping Porters when they shite,
 And so thy Book it self turn *Sodomite*.



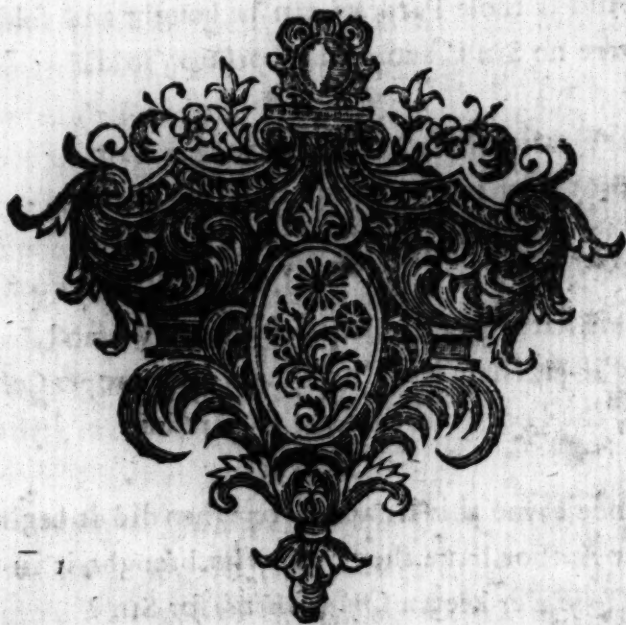
The DISPUTE.

BETWIXT Father *Patrick* and his *Highness*, of late
 There happen'd a strong and a weighty Debate:
Religion was the Theme. 'Tis strange that they Two
 Should dispute about that which neither of 'em knew;
 When I dare boldly say, if the Truth were but known,
 The Weakness of *Patrick*, and Strength of his own,
 He'd have call'd it a Madness, and much like a Curse,
 To have chang'd from a good one, to that which is worse.
 But the Reasons which made most his *Highness* to yield,
 And so willingly quit to St. *Patrick* the Field,
 Were ———

*First, Sir, they cheat you, and leave you i' th' Lurch,
 Who tell you there can be any more than one Church.
 And, next unto that, he averr'd, for a certain,
 No Foot-steps of ours could be found before Martin.
 At which two Reasons, so deep and profound,
 His Highness had like to have fall'n in a Swoon;
 But, at length, he cry'd out, Father Patrick, I find,
 By the sudden Conversion and Change of my Mind,*

the Earl of ROCHESTER 101

*It is not your Reason nor Wit can afford
Such Strength to your Cause ; 'tis the Finger o' th' Lord :
For now I remember he somewhere has said,
That by Babes and Sucklings his Truth is convey'd.
Thus ends the Dispute 'twixt the Priest and the
Knight ;
In which, to say Truth, and to do 'em both Right,
He manag'd the Cause, as he did the Sea-Fight.*





On ROME's Pardons.

I.

IF Rome can pardon Sins, as *Papists* hold,
And if those Pardons can be bought and sold,
It were no Sin t' adore and worship Gold.

II.

If they can purchase Pardons with a Sum,
For Sins they may commit in Time to come,
And for Sins past, 'tis very well for Rome.

III.

At this Rate, they are happiest that have most,
They'll purchase Heav'n at their own proper Cost :
Alas, the Poor ! all that are so, are lost.

IV.

Whence came this Knack ? or when did it begin ?
What Author have they ? or who brought it in ?
Did *Christ* e'er keep a *Custom-House* for Sin ?

V.

Some subtil Devil, without more ado,
Did certainly this sly Invention brew,
To gull them of their Souls and Money too.

On



On a False MISTRESS.

Farewel, false Woman ! know I'll ever be
 A dumb Man to thy Sex, and dead to thee :
 Thy Breath's infectious, and thy Presence brings
 To me a thousand sharp and bitter Stings.
 Ye Pow'rs above ! why did you Woman make,
 Without an Angel, and within a Snake ?
 They're Hell's chief Engine, by the Devil made
 To heighten and enlarge his growing Trade ;
 The only Fiend on Earth, the Devil's Friend,
 A thousand Souls to Hell they daily send.
 Methinks I hear the Gods cry out aloud,
 And these black Words came reeling thro' a Cloud :
*Beware false Woman, know she first began
 To ruin and undo the State of Man.*
 Yet, for Revenge, I'll now resolve to be
 A damn'd dissembling Lover, just like thee :
 But all my Business with so vile a Creature,
 Shall be, as Men with Close-stools, to ease Nature.
 Bless'd is the Man, and happy is his State,
 That loves a Woman at no other Rate.



SONG.

I.

AT the Sight of my PHILLIS, from ev'ry Part
 A Spring-Tide of Joy does flow up to my Heart,
 Which quickens each Pulse, and swells ev'ry Vein,
 Yet all my Delights are still mingled with Pain;
 So strange a Distemper sure Love cannot bring:
 To my Knowledge, Love was a quieter Thing,
 So gentle and tame, that he never was known
 So much as to wake me, when I lay alone.

II.

But the Boy is much grown, and so alter'd of late,
 He's become a more furious Passion than Hate;
 Since by PHILLIS restor'd to the Empire of Hearts,
 He has new-strung his Bow, and sharpen'd his Darts;
 And, strictly the Rights of his Crown to maintain,
 He wounds ev'ry Heart, and turns ev'ry Brain.

III.

But my Madness, alas! I too plainly discover;
 For he is at least as much Mad-man as Lover,
 Who for one cruel Beauty, does easily quit
 All the Nymphs of the Stage, and those of the Pit,
 The Joys of *Hide-Park*, and the *Mall's* dear Delight,
 To live sober all Day, and chaste all the Night.

SONG.



SONG.

I.

MY dear Mistress had a Heart
Soft as those kind Looks she gave me,
When with Love's resistless Art,
And her Eyes, she did enslave me.

II.

But her Constancy's so weak,
She's so wild, and apt to wander,
That my jealous Heart would break,
Should we live one Day asunder.

III.

Melting Joys about her move,
Killing Pleasures, wounding Blissess;
She can dress her Eyes in Love,
And her Lips can arm with Kisses.

IV.

Angels listen when she speaks,
She's my Delight, all Mankinds Wonder;
But my jealous Heart would break,
Should we live one Day asunder.



SONG.

I.

ROOM, Room for a Blade of the Town,
That takes Delight in *Roaring*,
Who all Day long rambles up and down,
And at Night in the Street lies *snoaring*.

II.

That for the noble Name of Spark,
Dares his Companions rally ;
Commits an Outrage in the Dark,
Then slinks into an Alley.

III.

To ev'ry Female that he meets,
He swears he bears Affection ;
Defies all Laws, Arrests, and Cheats,
By the Help of a kind Protection.

IV.

When he, intending farther Wrongs,
By some resenting Cully,
Is decently run through the Lungs,
And there's an End of BULLY.

Spoken

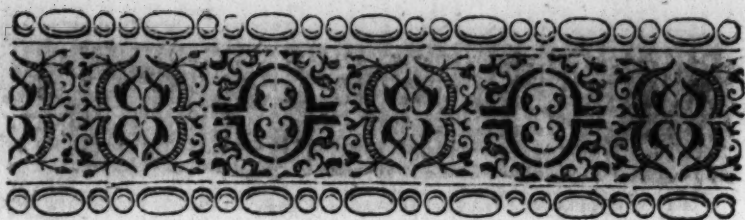


*Spoken Extempore to a Country Clerk, after
having heard him sing PSALMS.*

Sternhold and Hopkins had great Qualms
When they translated David's Psalms,
To make the Heart full glad ;
But had it been poor David's Fate,
To hear Thee sing, and Them translate,
By G—'t had made him mad.

*Spoken Extempore, upon receiving a Fall at
Whitehall-Gate, by attempting to kiss the
Dutchess of CLEVELAND as she was stepping
out of her Chariot.*

BY Heavens ! 'twas bravely done,
First to attempt the Chariot of the Sun,
And then to fall like PHAETON.



ACROSTICK.

A Knight delights in hardy Deeds of Arms ;
 Perhaps a Lady loves sweet Musick's Charms.
 Rich Men in Store of Wealth delighted be ;
 Infants love dandling on the Mother's Knee.
 Coy Maids love Something, Nothing I'll express ;
 Keep the first Letters of these Lines, and guess.



The ENCOURAGEMENT.

TIS the *Arabian Bird* alone
 Lives chaste, because there is but *One* :
 But had kind Nature made them *Two*,
 They would like *Doves* and *Sparrows* do:



*The COMMONS PETITION to King
CHARLES II.*

IN all Humanity we crave
Our Sovereign may be our Slave ;
And humbly beg, that he may be
Betray'd by us most loyally.
And if he please once to lay down
His Scepter, Dignity, and Crown,
We'll make him, for the Time to come,
The greatest Prince in Christendom.

The King's Answer.

*Charles at this Time having no Need,
Thanks you as much as if he did.*



The KING's EPITAPH.

HEre lies our Sovereign Lord the King,
Whose Word no Man rely'd on ;
Who never said a foolish Thing,
But never did a wise One.



ANACREONTIC.

THE Heavens carouse each Day a Cup,
No wonder *Atlas* holds her up.

The Trees suck up the Earth and Ground,
And in their brown Bowls drink around.

The Sea too, whom the Salt makes dry,
His greedy Thirst to satisfy,

Ten thousand Rivers drinks, and then
Grows drunk, and spews them up again.

The Sun (and who so right as he)
Sits up all Night to drink the Sea.

The Moon quaffs up the Sun, her Brother,
And wishes she could tope another.

Ev'ry Thing fuddles; then that I
Is't any Reason should be dry?

Well, I will be content to thirst;

But too much Drink shall make me, first.

SONG.



S O N G.

I.

I Nsulting Beauty, you mispend
Those Frowns upon your Slave ;
Your Scorn against such Rebels bend,
Who dare with Confidence pretend,
That other Eyes their Hearts defend
From all the Charms you have.

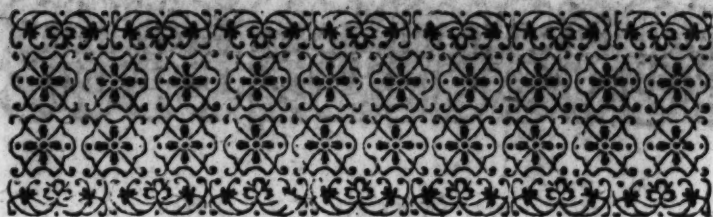
II.

Your conq'ring Eyes so partial are,
Or Mankind is so dull,
That while I languish in Despair,
Many proud senseless Hearts declare,
They find you not so killing Fair,
To wish you merciful.

III.

They an inglorious Freedom boast ;
I triumph in my Chain :
Nor am I unreveng'd, tho' lost ;
Nor you unpunish'd, tho' unjust ;
When I alone, who love you most,
Am kill'd with your Disdain.

Written



✓ *Written under NELLY's Picture.*

SHE was so exquisite a Whore,
 That in the Belly of her Mother,
 Her ——— was plac'd so right before,
 Her Father ——— them both together.



✓ *The WISH.*

OH! that I now cou'd by some Chymic Art,
 To Sperm convert my Vitals and my Heart,
 That at one Thrust I might my Soul translate,
 And in the Womb my self regenerate :
 There steep'd in Lust, nine Months I would remain,
 Then boldly ——— my Passage out again.



✓ ET CÆTERA. *A Song.*

I.

IN a dark, silent, shady Grove,
Fit for the Delights of Love,
As on CORINNA's Breast I panting lay,
My right Hand playing with *Et Cætera*;

II.

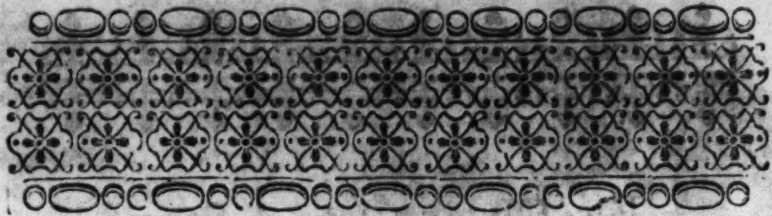
A thousand Words and am'rous Kisses
Prepar'd us both for more substantial Bliss;es ;
And thus the hasty Moments slipt away,
Lost in the Transport of *Et Cætera*.

III.

She blush'd to see her Innocence betray'd,
And the small Opposition she had made ;
Yet hugg'd me close, and, with a Sigh, did say,
Once more, my Dear, once more *Et Cætera*.

IV.

But oh ! the Power to please this Nymph, was past;
Too violent a Flame can never last ;
So we remitted to another Day
The Prosecution of *Et Cætera*.



✓ *The* DISAPPOINTMENT.

Naked she lay, clasp'd in my longing Arms,
 I fill'd with Love, and she all over Charms ;
 Both equally inspir'd with eager Fire,
 Melting thro' Kindness, flaming in Desire ;
 With Arms, Legs, Lips, close clinging to embrace,
 She clips me to her *Breast*, and sucks me to her *Face*.
 The nimble *Tongue* (Love's lesser Lightning) play'd
 Within my Mouth, and to my Thoughts convey'd
 Swift Orders, that I shou'd prepare to throw
 The All-dissolving Thunderbolt below.
 My flutt'ring Soul, sprung with the pointed *Kiss*,
 Hangs hov'ring o'er her balmy *Lips* of *Bliss* :
 But whilst her busy *Hand* wou'd guide that Part
 Which shou'd convey my Soul up to her *Heart*,
 In liquid Raptures I dissolve all o'er,
 Melt into S——m, and —— at ev'ry Pore :
 A Touch from any Part of her had don't ;
 Her *Hand*, her *Foot*, her very *Look's* a ——.
 Smiling, she chides in a kind murm'ring Noise,
 And from her *Body* wipes the clammy Joys ;

When



H. Laferrière In.

pag. 114.

M. V. Gache sc.



When with a thousand Kisses, wand'ring o'er
 My panting Breast, *And is there then no more ?*
 She cries. *All this to Love and Rapture's due ;*
Must we not pay a Debt to Pleasure too ?
 But I, the most forlorn lost Man alive,
 To shew my wish'd Obedience, vainly strive :
 I sigh, alas ! and kiss, but cannot ——— }
 Eager Desires confound my first Intent ;
 Succeeding Shame does more Success prevent,
 And Rage at last confirms me impotent. }
 Even her fair Hand, which might bid Heat return
 To frozen *Age*, and make cold *Hermits* burn,
 Apply'd to my dead *Cinder*, warms no more
 Than Fire to *Ashes* cou'd past Flames restore :
 Trembling, confus'd, despairing, limber, dry,
 A wishing, weak, unmoving Lump I lie :
 This *Dart* of Love, whose piercing Point oft dy'd
 With *Virgin Blood*, *ten thousand Maids* has try'd ;
 Which *Nature* still directed with such *Art*,
 That it thro' ev'ry ——— reach'd ev'ry *Heart* ;
 Stiffly resolv'd, 'twou'd carelessly invade
Woman and *Boy*, nor ought its Fury staid,
 Where e'er it pierc'd, a ——— it found or made ; }
 Now languid lies in this unhappy Hour,
 Shrunk up, and sapless, like a wither'd *Flow'r*.
 Thou treacherous, base Deserter of my Flame,
 False to my Passion, fatal to my *Fame* ;
 By what mistaken *Magick* do'st thou prove
 So true to Lewdness, so untrue to Love ?

What

What *Oyster*, *Cinder*, *Beggar*, common *Whore*,
 Did'st thou e'er fail in all thy Life before?
 When *Vice*, *Disease*, and *Scandal* lead the Way,
 With what officious Haste dost thou obey?
 Like a rude roaring *Hector* in the *Streets*,
 That scuffles, cuffs, and ruffles all he meets;
 But if his *King* or *Country* claim his Aid,
 The *rascal Villain* shrinks, and hides his Head:
 Even so thy *brutal Valour* is display'd,
 Breaks ev'ry *Stems*, does each small *Whore* invade;
 But if great *Love* the Onset does command,
 Base Recreant, to thy Prince thou dares not stand.
 Worst Part of me, and henceforth hated most,
 Thro' all the Town the common — *Post*,
 On whom each *Whore* relieves her tingling —,
 As Hogs on Gates do rub themselves and grunt;
 May'st thou to rav'nous Shankers be a Prey,
 Or in consuming Weepings waste away.
 May Strangury and Stone thy Days attend;
 May'st thou ne'er piss, who did'st refuse to —,
 When all my Joys did on false thee depend.
 And may ten thousand abler — agree
 To do the wrong'd *Corinna* Right for thee.





✓ *The* INSENSIBLE.

I.

ONE Day the amorous LISANDER,
By an impatient Passion sway'd,
Surpriz'd fair CHLORIS, that lov'd Maid,
Who could defend herself no longer.
All Things did with his Love conspire,
The gilded Planet of the Day,
In his gay Chariot, drawn by Fire,
Was now descending to the Sea,
And left no Light to guide the World,
But what from CHLORIS brighter Eyes was hurl'd.

II.

In a lone Thicket, made for Love,
Silent as yielding Maids consent,
She with a charming Languishment
Permits his Force, yet gently strove.
Her Hands his Bosom softly meet,
But not to put him back design'd,
Rather to draw him on inclin'd,
Whilst he lay trembling at her Feet.

Resistance

Resistance 'tis too late to show,
She wants the Pow'r to say,—*Ah!* what d'ye do?

III.

Her bright Eyes sweet, and yet severe,
Where Love and Shame confus'dly strive,
Fresh Vigour to LISANDER give:
And whisp'ring softly in his Ear,
She cry'd—*Cease—cease—your vain Desire,*
Or I'll call out—*What would you do?*
My dearer Honour, ev'n to you,
I cannot—must not give—retire,
Or take that Life, whose chiefest Part
I gave you with the Conquest of my Heart.

IV.

But he, as much unus'd to fear,
As he was capable of Love,
The blessed Minutes to improve,
Kisses her Lips, her Neck, her Hair;
Each Touch her new Desires alarms;
His burning trembling Hand he prest
Upon her melting snowy Breast;
While she lay panting in his Arms,
All her unguarded Beauties lie
The Spoils and Trophies of the Enemy.

V.

And now, without Respect or Fear,
He seeks the Object of his Vows;
His Love no Modesty allows:
By swift Degrees advancing where

His

His daring Hand that Altar seiz'd,
Where Gods of Love do sacrifice;
That awful Throne, that Paradise,
Where Rage is tam'd, and Anger pleas'd;
That living Fountain, from whose Trills
The melted Soul in liquid Drops distils.

VI.

Her balmly Lips encount'ring his,
Their Bodies as their Souls they join'd,
Where both in Transports were confin'd,
Extend themselves upon the Moss.
CHLORIS half dead and breathless lay;
Her Eyes appear'd like humid Light,
Such as divides the Day and Night,
Or falling Stars, whose Fires decay;
And now no Signs of Life she shows,
But what in short-breath'd Sighs returns and goes.

VII.

He saw how at her Length she lay;
He saw her rising Bosom bare,
Her loose thin Robes, thro' which appear
A Shape design'd for Love and Play;
Abandon'd by her Pride and Shame,
She does her softest Sweets dispense,
Off'ring her Virgin-Innocence
A Victim to Love's sacred Flame;
Whilst the o'er-ravish'd Shepherd lies,
Unable to perform the Sacrifice.

VIII.

Ready to taste a thousand Joys,
 The too transported hapless Swain,
 Found the vast Pleasure turn'd to Pain:
 Pleasure, which too much Love destroys.
 The willing Garment by he laid,
 And Heav'n all open to his view ;
 Mad to possess, himself he threw
 On the defenceless lovely Maid :
 But oh ! what envious Gods conspire
 To snatch his Pow'r, yet leave him the Desire !

IX.

Nature's Support, without whose Aid
 She can no human Being give,
 It self now wants the Art to live ;
 Faintness its slacken'd Nerves invade :
 In vain th' enraged Youth assay'd
 To call his fleeting Vigour back ;
 No Motion 'twill from Motion take ;
 B' Excess of Love, is Love betray'd ;
 In vain he toils, in vain commands,
 Th' *In sensible* fell weeping in his Hands.

X.

In this so am'rous cruel Strife,
 Where Love and Fate were too severe,
 The poor LISANDER, in Despair,
 Renounc'd his Reason with his Life.

Now

the Earl of ROCHESTER. 121

Now all the brisk and active Fire,
That should the nobler Part inflame,
Unactive, frigid, dull became,
And left no Spark for new Desire;
Not all her naked Charms could move,
Or calm that Rage that had debauch'd his Love.

XI.

CHLORIS returning from the Trance,
Which Love and soft Desire had bred,
Her tim'rous Hand she gently laid,
Or guided by Design or Chance,
Upon that fabulous *Priapus*,
That potent God (as Poets feign.)
But never did young *Shepherdes*
(Gath'ring of Fern upon the Plain)
More nimbly draw her Fingers back,
Finding beneath the verdant Leaves a Snake.

XII.

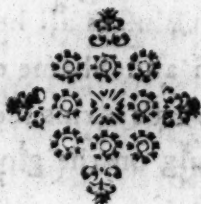
Then CHLORIS her fair Hand withdrew,
Finding that God of her Desires
Disarm'd of all his pow'rful Fires,
And cold as Flow'rs bath'd in the Morning Dew.
Who can the Nymph's Confusion guess?
The Blood forsook the kinder Place,
And strew'd with Blushes all her Face,
Which both Disdain and Shame express;
And from LISANDER's Arms she fled,
Leaving him fainting on the gloomy Bed.

XIII.

Like Lightning, thro' the Grove she hies,
 Or *Daphne* from the *Delphick* God ;
 No Print upon the grassy Road
 She leaves, t'instruct persuing Eyes.
 The Wind that wanton'd in her Hair,
 And with her ruffled Garments play'd,
 Discover'd in the flying Maid
 All that the Gods e'er made of Fair.
 So *Venus*, when her Love was slain,
 With Fear and Haste flew o'er the fatal Plain.

XIV.

The Nymph's Resentments none but I
 Can well imagine and condole ;
 But none can guess *LISANDER's* Soul,
 But those who sway'd his Destiny ;
 His silent Grievs swell up to Storms,
 And not one God his Fury spares ;
 He curs'd his Birth, his Fate, his Stars,
 But more the Shepherdess's Charms ;
 Whose soft bewitching Influence
 Had damn'd him to the Hell of Impotence.





On a Juniper-Tree, cut down to make
BUSKS.

WHilst happy I, triumphant stood,
The Pride and Glory of the Wood,
My Aromatick Boughs and Fruit
Did with all other Trees dispute ;
Had Right by Nature to excel,
In pleasing both the Taste and Smell ;
But to the Touch, I must confess,
Bore an unwilling Sullenness.
My Wealth, like bashful Virgins, I
Yielding with some Reluctancy :
For which, my Value should be more,
Not giving easily my Store.
My verdant Branches all the Year
Did an eternal Beauty wear,
Did ever young and gay appear ;
Nor needed any Tribute pay
For Hounties from the God of Day.
Nor do I hold Supremacy,
In all the Wood, o'er ev'ry Tree,
But ev'n those two of my own Race
That grew not in this happy Place.

But that in which I glory most,
And do my self with Reason boast,
Beneath my Shade the other Day
Young PHILOCLES and CHLORIS lay.
Upon my Root he plac'd her Head,
And where I grew, he made her Bed;
Their trembling Limbs did gently press
The kind supporting yielding Moss,
Ne'er half so bless'd as now, to bear
A Swain so young, a Nymph so fair.
My grateful Shade I kindly lent,
And ev'ry aiding Bough I bent
So low, as sometimes had the Bliss
To rob the Shepherd of a Kiss:
Whilst he in Pleasures far above
The Sense of that Degree of Love,
Permitted ev'ry Stealth I made,
Unjealous of his Rival Shade.
I saw 'em kindle to Desire,
Whilst with soft Sighs they blew the Fire;
Saw the Approaches of their Joy,
He grew more fierce, and she less coy:
Saw how they mingled melting Rays,
Exchanging Love a thousand Ways.
Kind was the Force on ev'ry Side;
Her new Desires she could not hide,
Nor would the Shepherd be deny'd.
Impatient, he waits no Consent,
But what she gave by Languishment.

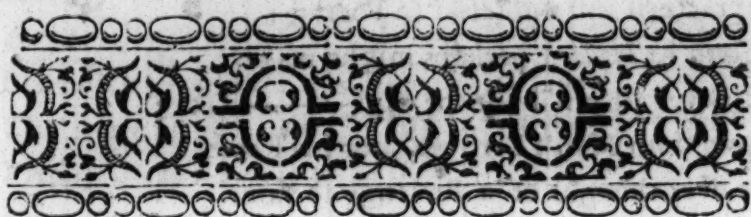
The blessed Minute he persu'd,
Whilst Love her Fear and Shame subdu'd ;
And now transported in his Arms,
Yields to the Conqu'ror all her Charms.
His panting Breast to her's now join'd,
They feast on Raptures unconfin'd;
Vast and luxuriant, such as prove
The Immortality of Love.

For who but a Divinity
Could mingle Souls to that Degree,
And melt 'em into Extasy ?
Where, like the Phoenix, both expire,
Whilst from the Ashes of their Fire,
Sprung up a new and soft Desire.

Like Charmers, thrice they did invoke
The God, and thrice new Vigour took ;
And had the Nymph been half so kind
As was the Shepherd well inclin'd,
The Myst'ry had not ended there :
But CHLORIS reassum'd her Fear,
And chid the Swain for having prest
What she (alas !) could not resist :
Whilst he, in whom Love's sacred Flame
Before and after was the same,
Humbly implores she would forget
That Fault, which he would yet repeat.
From active Joys, with Shame they haste
To a Reflection on the past ;
A thousand Times the Covert bless
That did secure their Happiness ;

Their Gratitude to ev'ry Tree
 They pay, but most to happy me.
 The Shepherdes my Bark carefs'd,
 Whilst he my Root (Love's Pillow) kifs'd,
 And did with Sighs their Fate deplore,
 Since I must shelter 'em no more.
 And if before my Joys were such,
 In having seen and heard so much,
 My Griefs must be as great and high,
 When all abandon'd I must lie
 Doom'd to a silent Destiny ;
 No more the am'rous Strife to hear,
 The Shepherd's Vows, the Virgins Fear ;
 No more a joyful Looker-on,
 Whilst Love's soft Battel's lost and won.

With Grief I bow'd my murm'ring Head,
 And all my crystal Dew I shed,
 Which did in CHLORIS Pity move,
 CHLORIS, whose Soul is made of Love.
 She cut me down, and did translate
 My Being to a happier State :
 No Martyr for Religion dy'd
 With half that unconfid'ring Pride :
 My Top was on the Altar laid,
 Where Love his softest Off'rings paid,
 And was, as fragrant Incense, burn'd.
 My Body into BUSKS was turn'd,
 Where I still guard the sacred Store,
 And of Love's Temple, keep the Door.



The REHEARSAL. A SATIRE.

A. **W**Hat, *Timon*, does old Age begin t' approach,
That thou thus droop'st under a Night-
Debauch ?

Hast thou lost deep to needy Rogues on Tick,
Who ne'er cou'd pay, and must be paid next Week ?

Tim. Neither, alas ! but a dull dining *Sot*
Seiz'd me i' th' *Mall*, who just my Name had got :
He runs upon me, cries, dear Rogue, I'm thine,
With me some Wits of thy Acquaintance dine.
I tell him I'm engag'd ; but as a Whore,
With Modesty enslaves her Spark the more,
The longer I deny'd, the more he prest,
At last, I e'en consent to be his Guest.
He takes me in his Coach ; and as we go,
Pulls out a Libel of a Sheet or two,
Insipid as *The Praise of pious Queens*,
Or *Settle's* unassisted former Scenes ;
Which he admir'd and prais'd at ev'ry Line ;
At last it was so sharp, it must be mine.

I vow'd I was no more a Wit than he,
 Unpractis'd and unblest'd in Poetry:
 A Song to *Phyllis* I perhaps might make,
 But never Rhym'd but for my ——— sake;
 I envy'd no Man's Fortune, nor his Fame,
 Nor ever thought of a Revenge so tame.
 He knew my Style he savor'd, and 'twas in vain
 Thus to deny the Issue of my Brain.
 Choak'd with his Flatt'ry, I no Answer make,
 But silent, leave him to his dear Mistake.
 Of a well-meaning Fool I'm most afraid.
 Who sillily repeats what was well said.
 But this was not the worst; when he came Home,
 He ask'd, are *Sidley*, *Euckhurst*, *Savil*, come?
 No, but there were above, *Half-wit* and *Huff*,
Kickum and *Dingboy*. Oh! 'tis well enough,
 They're all brave Fellows, cries mine Host, let's dine,
 I long to have my Belly full of Wine;
 They'll write and fight, I dare assure you,
 They're Men *tam Marti quam Mercurio*.
 I saw my Error; but 'twas now too late,
 No Means nor Hopes appears of a Retreat;
 Well, we salute, and each Man takes his Seat.
 Boy, (says the Sot) is my Wife ready yet:
 A Wife, (good Gods!) a Fop, and Bullies too!
 For one poor Meal, what must I undergo?
 In comes my Lady strait, she had been fair,
 Fit to give Love, and to prevent Despair;

But

But Age, Beauty's incurable Disease,
Had left her more Desire than Pow'r to please.
As Cocks will strike, altho' their Spurs be gone,
She with her old blear Eyes to smite began:
Tho' nothing else, she (in Despite of Time)
Preserv'd the Affectation of her Prime.
However you begun, she brought in Love,
And hardly from that Subject wou'd remove:
We chanc'd to speak of the *French King's* Success:—
My Lady wonder'd much how Heav'n could bless
A Man that lov'd two Women at one Time;
But more, how to 'em he excus'd his Crime.
She ask'd *Huff*, if Love's Flames he never felt?
He answer'd bluntly, Do you think I'm gelt?
She at his Plainness smil'd, then turn'd to me,
Love in young Minds precedes ev'n Poetry;
You to that Passion can no Stranger be,
But Wits are given to Inconstancy.
She had run on, I think, 'till now; but Meat
Came up, and suddenly she took her Sear.
I thought the Dinner wou'd make some Amends,
When my good Host cries out, *Y' are all my Friends*;
Our own plain Fare, and the best Tierce the Bull
Affords, I'll give you, and your Bellies full.
As for French Kickshaws, Cellery, and Champain,
Ragous and Fricasses, in Troth, we've none.
Here's a good Dinner towards, thought I, when strait
Up comes a Piece of Beef, full Horse-man's Weight,

Hard as the Arse of M——, under which
 The Coachman sweats, as ridden by a Witch.
 A Dish of Carrots, each of them as long
 As —— that to fair Countess did belong,
 Which her small Pillow could not so well hide,
 But Visitors his flaming Head espy'd.
 Pig, Goose, and Capon follow'd in the Rear,
 With all that Country-Bumkins call good Cheer,
 Serv'd up with Sauces all of Eighty-eight,
 When our rough Youth wrestl'd, and threw the Weight.
 And now the Bottle briskly flies about,
 Instead of Ice, wrapt up in a wet Clout.
 A Brimmer follows the third Bit we eat,
 Small Beer becomes our Drink, and Wine our Meat.
 The Table was so large, that in less Space
 A Man might save six old *Italians* Place :
 Each Man had as much Room as *Porter Blunt*,
 Or *Harris* had in *Cullen's* Bushel ———
 And now the Wine began to work, mine Host
 Had been a Col'nel, we must hear him boast
 Not of Towns won, but an Estate he'd lost
 For the King's Service, which indeed he spent
 Whoring and drinking, but with good Intent.
 He talk'd much of a Plot, and Money lent
 In *Cromwel's* Time. My Lady she
 Complain'd our Love was coarse, our Poetry
 Unfit for modest Ears, small Whores and Play'rs.
 Were of our hair-brain'd Youth the only Cares,

Who were too wild for any virtuous League,
 Too rotten to consummate the Intrigue.
Falkland she prais'd, and *Suckling's* easy Pen,
 And seem'd to taste their former Parts again.
 Mine Host drinks to the Best in Christendom,
 And decently my Lady quits the Room.
 Left to our selves, of sev'ral Things we prate;
 Some regulate the *Stage*, and some the *State*.
Half-wit cries up my Lord of *Orrery*,
 Ah, how well *Mustapha* and *Zanger* die!
 His Sense so little forc'd, that by one Line
 You may the other easily divine:

*And which is worse, if any worse can be,
 He never said one Word of it to me.*

There is fine Poetry, you'd swear 'twere *Prose*,
 So little on the Sense the Rhimes impose.
 D—me, (says *Dingboy*) in my Mind, G—d's W—ds;
Etherege writes airy Songs and soft Lampoons,
 The best of any Man. As for your Nouns,
 Grammar, and Rules of Art, he knows 'em not;
 Yet writ two taking Plays, without one Plot.
Huff was for *Settle*, and *Morocco* prais'd,
 Said rumbling Words, like Drums his Courage rais'd,
Whose broad-built Bulks the boist'rous Billows bear;
Zaphee and *Sally*, *Mugadore*, *Oran*,
The fam'd Arzile, *Alcazar*, *Tituan*.
 Was ever braver Language writ by Man?
Kickum for *Grown* declar'd, said, in Romance
 He had out-done the very Wits of France.

Witness *Pandion*, and his *Charles the Eighth*,
 Where a young *Monarch*, careless of his Fate,
 Thro' foreign *Troops* and *Rebels* shock his State;
 Complains another Sight afflicts him more,
 (*Viz.*) The *Queen Gallies* rowing from the Shore,

Fitting their Oars and Tackling to be gone,
Whilst sporting Waves smil'd on the Rising-Sun.

Waves smiling on the Sun! I'm sure that's new,
 And 'twas well thought on, give the Dev'l his Due.

Mine Host, who had said nothing in an Hour,
 Rose up, and prais'd the *Indian Emperor*;

As if our old World modestly withdrew,
And here in private had brought forth a New.

There are two Lines! who but he durst presume
 To make th'old World a new *Withdrawing-Room*,
 Where of another World she's brought to Bed?
 What a brave Midwife is a *Laureat's Head*!

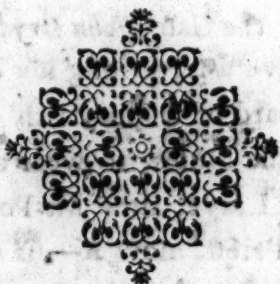
But, pox of all these *Scriblers*, what d'ye think,
 Will *Sorches* this Year any *Champain* drink?
 Will *Turenne* fight him? Without doubt, say's *Huff*,
 If they two meet, their Meeting will be rough.

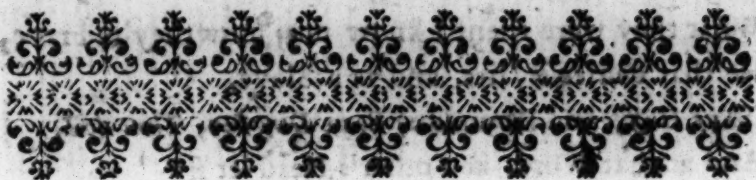
D—me, (says *Dingboy*) the *French* Cowards are;
 They pay, but th'*English*, *Scots*, and *Swiss* make War.
 In gawdy *Troops*, at a *Review*, they shine,
 But dare not with the *Germans* Battel join:

What now appears like *Courage*, is not so;
 'Tis a short *Pride*, which from *Success* does grow:
 On their first Blow, they'll shrink into those Fears
 They shew'd at *Cressy*, *Agincourt*, *Poitiers*:

Their

Their Loss was infamous, Honour so stain'd,
Is by a Nation not to be regain'd.
What they were then, I know not, now they're brave,
He that denies it, lies, and is a Slave,
(Says *Huff*, and frown'd :) Says *Dingboy*, *That do I*,
And at that Word, at t'other's Head let fly
A greasy Plate, when suddenly they all -
Together by the Ears in Parties fall.
Half-wit with *Dingboy* joins, *Kickum* with *Huff*;
Their Swords were safe, and so we let 'em cuff,
'Till they, mine Host, and I, had all enough.
Their Rage once over, they begin to treat,
And six fresh Bottles must the Peace compleat.
I ran down Stairs, with a Vow never more
To drink Beer-Glasses, and hear *Hectors* roar.





A Session of the POETS.

Since the Sons of the Muses grew num'rous and loud,
 For th'appeasing so factious and clam'rous a Crowd,
Apollo thought fit, in so weighty a Cause,
 T'establish a Government, Leader, and Laws.
 The Hopes of the Bays, at this summoning Call,
 Had drawn 'em together, the Devil and all :
 All thronging and list'ning, they gap'd for the Blessing,
 No Presbyter Sermon had more crowding and pressing.

In the Head of the Gang *John Dryden* appear'd,
 That ancient grave Wit, so long lov'd and fear'd ;
 But *Apollo* had heard of a Story i'th' Town,
 Of his quitting the Muses, to wear a black Gown,
 And so gave him Leave, now his Poetry's done,
 To let him turn Priest, now R— is turn'd Nun.

This rev'rend Author was no sooner set by,
 But *Apollo* had got gentle † *George* in his Eye,
 And frankly confess'd, of all Men that writ,
 There's none had more Fancy, Sense, Judgment, and
 Wit ;

But

† *Sir George Etherege.*

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But i'th' crying Sin, Idleness, he was so harden'd,
That his long sev'n Years Silence was not to be pardon'd.

Brawny *Wycherley* was the next Man shew'd his Face;
But *Apollo* e'en thought him too good for the Place.
No Gentleman-writer that Office should bear,
'Twas a Trader in Wit the Laurel should bear,
As none but a Cit e'er makes a Lord-Mayor. }

Next into the Crowd *Tom Shadwell* does wallow,
And swears by his Guts, his Paunch, and his Tallow,
'Tis he that alone best pleases the Age;
Himself and his Wife have supported the Stage.

Apollo all pleas'd with so bonny a Lad
T'oblige him, he told him he should be huge glad,
Had he half so much Wit as he fancy'd he had. }

However, to please so jovial a Wit,
And to keep him in Humour, *Apollo* thought fit
To bid him drink on, and keep his old Trick
Of railing at Poets, and shewing his ———

Nat Lee stept in next, in Hopes of a Prize,
Apollo remember'd he had hit once in thrice;
By the Rubies in's Face, he could not deny,
But he had as much Wit as Wine could supply;
Confess'd that indeed he'd a musical Note,
But sometimes strain'd so hard, that he rattl'd i'th' Throat;
Yet owning he'd Sense, to encourage him for't,
He made him his *Ovid* in *Augustus's* Court.

Poet *Settle* his Tryal was the next came about,
He brought him an *Ibrahim* with the Preface torn out,
And humbly desir'd he might give no Offence;
G—d D—me cries *Shadwell*, he cannot write Sense;

And

And *Banks* cry'd up *Newport*, I hate that dull Rogue,
Apollo consid'ring he was not in Vogue,
 Would not trust his dear *Bays* with so modest a Fool,
 And bid the great Boy should be sent back to School.

Tom Otway came next, *Tom Shadwell's* dear *Zany*,
 And swears for Heroicks he writes best of any ;
 Don *Carlos* his Pockets so amply had fill'd,
 That his Mange was quite cur'd, and his Lice were all
 kill'd.

But *Apollo* had seen his Face on the Stage,
 And prudently did not think fit to engage
 The Scum of a Play-house for the Prop of an Age. }

In the numerous Herd that encompass'd him, and,
 Little starch *Johnny Crown* at his Elbow he found ;
 His Cravat-string iron'd, he gently did stretch
 His Lilly white Hand out, the Lawrel to reach ;
 Alledging, that he had most Right to the Bays,
 For writing Romances, and shiting of Plays.

Apollo 'rose up, and gravely confest
 Of all Men that writ, his Talent was best ;
 For since Pain and Dishonour Man's Life only damn,
 The greatest Felicity Mankind can claim, }
 Is, to want Sense of Smart, and be past Sense of Shame ;
 And to perfect his Bliss in poetical Rapture,
 He bid him be dull to the End of the Chapter.

The Poetess † *Afra* next shew'd her sweet Face,
 And swore by her Poetry, and her black Ace,

That

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That the Lawrel by a double Right was her own,
For the Plays she had writ, and the Conquests she'd
won.

Apollo acknowledg'd 'twas hard to deny her ;
But yet, to deal frankly and ingeniously by her,
He told her, were Conquests and Charms her Pretences
She ought to have pleaded a dozen Years since.

Anababalutha put in for a Share,

And little *Tom Effence's* Author was there :

Nor could *D'Urfey* forbear for the Lawrel to siddle,
Protesting he had had the Honour to tickle
The Ears of the Town with his dear Madam *Fickle* ;
With other Pretenders, whose Names I'd rehearse,
But they are too long to stand in my Verse.

Apollo, quite tir'd with their tedious Harangue,
Finds at last *Tom Betterton's* Face in the Gang,
And since Poets with the kind Players may hang,
By his own Day-light he solemnly swore,
That in Search of a *Laureat* he'd look out no more.

A general Murmur ran quite through the Hall,
To think that the Bays to an Actor should fall ;
But *Apollo*, to quiet and pacify all,

E'en told 'em, to put his Deserts to the Test,
That he had made Plays as well as the best,
And was the great'st Wonder the Age ever bore ;
For of all the Play-scriblers that e'er writ before,
His Wit had most Worth and most Modesty in't ;
For he had writ Plays, yet ne'er came in Print.

A LYRICK Poem, in Imitation of
CORNELIUS GALLUS.

I.

MY Goddess LYDIA, Heav'nly Fair!
As Lillies sweet, as soft as Air;
Let loose thy Tresses, spread thy Charms,
And to my Love give fresh Alarms.

II.

Oh! let me gaze on those bright Eyes;
Tho' sacred Light'ning from them flies,
Show me that soft, that modest Grace,
Which paints with charming Red thy Face.

III.

Give me *Ambrosia* in a Kiss,
That I may rival Jove in Bliss;
That I may mix my Soul with thine,
And make the Pleasure all divine.

IV.

Oh! hide thy Bosom's killing White,
(The Milky Way is not so bright)
Lest you my ravish'd Soul oppress
With Beauty's Pomp, and sweet Excess.

V.

Why draw'st thou from the Purple Flood
Of my kind Heart the vital Blood?
Thou art all over endless Charms;
Oh! take me dying, to thy Arms.



APOLLO's Grief, for having kill'd
HYACINTH by Accident.

In Imitation of OVID.

Sweet HYACINTH, my Life, my Joy,
What have I done, my lovely Boy?
With Kisses I would stop thy Soul;
But oh! the Fates my Bliss controul.
For thee I languish, wish to die,
And weary grow of Immortality:
Yet with my Harp I'll sound thy Praise,
And to the Stars thy Beauties raise.
Straight thou shalt rise with Purple Grace,
And with the same inviting Face;
Thy Blood shall turn the Lilly Red;
(Mourning) I'll wear it on my Head.
The World shall celebrate thy Fame,
And Feasts be call'd by thy dear Name;
With HYACINTH Heav'n shall resound,
While Ecchoes catch the charming Sound.
The fatal Loss, thus sad APOLLO mourn'd,
Of the fair Boy, for whom so much he burn'd.

SONG.



SONG.

I.

WHere is he gone, whom I adore ?
The God-like Man I see no more ;
Yet, without Rest, his Tyrant Charms
Beat in my Heart still new Alarms.

II.

Assist, dear Honour, take my Part,
Or I am lost, with all my Art ;
Tear his Idea from my Breast,
Tho' with it I am more than blest.

III.

My Reason too, prepare your Arms,
Lest he return with greater Charms ;
Love's fatal and impoison'd Dart,
Draw from my tender bleeding Heart.

WOMAN'S



WOMAN's Usurpation.

WOMAN was made MAN's Sov'reignty to own,
And he, as Monarch, was to rule alone;
She was his Vassal made, to fear and dread
The angry Frowns of MAN, her Lord and Head.
Heav'n did to him the Power delegate,
O'er all the Universe he made him Great;
His Power did the largest Scepter sway,
The whole Creation did his Laws obey.
No Limits there were set to his Commands,
Tigers and Lyons lick'd his sacred Hands,
And savage Monsters glory'd in his Bands.
The Legislative Pow'r was fix'd in him;
Just MAN! 'till WOMAN tempted him to sin.
The Sun no sooner had began his Course,
Spreading his gaudy Beams o'er th'Universe;
Nature her self was hardly full awake;
The Planets did their Motions rarely make;
The azure Orb, in which there's finely set
The glitt'ring Stars, scarce knew their Architect;
Air, Water, Earth, and Fire, did hardly find
Themselves pure Elements, and were inclin'd
To mix in Composition of each Kind;

MAN

MAN scarce had seen the first resplendent Light,
 E'er WOMAN brought forth everlasting Night ;
 Damn'd *Pride* invited her at first to sin,
Ambition then the Devil usher'd in.

Those, for ten thousand more have Inlets made ;
 And now she's Mistress of the Devil's Trade,
 She'll tempt, lie, cozen, swear, betray, and cheat ;
 Hell's blackest Arts ten thousand Times repeat :

She will no longer in Subjection stand,

BUT MAN must truckle to her harsh Command.

Toss'd with tempestuous Storms of haughty *Pride*,

Disorder'd Motions, all her Passions guide,

'Till she destroys her loving Lord and Bride,

How many sad Examples do we find

Of Husbands murder'd by the Female Kind ?

Such are th'Effects of their aspiring Mind.

No Laws, nor Goodness could her Thoughts deter,

And *Satan* was forestall'd in seeing her ;

From all diviner Edicts out she flew,

And, swell'd with cursed *Pride*, no Compass knew ;

Such is the Rage of her infected Mind,

She damns the Race and Stock of poor Mankind ;

And stifling Brimstone is the sweetest Scent

That burns, whilst Devils guard her sable Tent,

Resolv'd to execute, and ne'er repent,

Whate'er her wicked Malice can invent.

Since Heaven's sacred Laws cannot restrain

Thy Will, and threaten'd Vengeance is in vain ;

Since to live peaceful is thy greatest Pain ;

Proceed, and then you'll Queen of Devils reign.

The DEBAUCHEE.

I Rise at Eleven, I dine about Two,
I get drunk before Sev'n; and the next Thing I do,
I send for my Whore, when, for fear of a Clap,
I ——— in her Hand, and I spew in her Lap;
Then we quarrel and scold, 'till I fall asleep,
When the Bitch growing bold, to my Pocket does creep;
Then slyly she leaves me, and, t' revenge the Affront,
At once she bereaves me of Money and ———.
If by Chance then I wake, hot-headed and drunk,
What a Coil do I make for the Loss of my Punk?
I storm, and I roar, and I fall in a Rage,
And missing my Whore, I bu——r my Page.
Then Crop-sick all Morning, I rail at my Men,
And in Bed I lie yawning 'till Eleven again.



The MAIDENHEAD.

HAVE you not in a Chimney seen
A fullen Faggot wet and green,
How coily it receives the Heat,
And at both Ends does fume and sweat?
So fares it with the harmless Mald,
When first upon her Back she's laid;
But the well-experienc'd Dame,
Cracks and rejoyses in the Flame.



An Epistle from EPHELIA *to*
BAJAZET.

HOW far are they deceiv'd, who hope in vain
 A lasting Lease of Joys from Love t' obtain ?
 All the dear Sweets we promise or expect
 After Enjoyment, turns to cold Neglect.
 Could Love a constant Happiness have known,
 The mighty Wonder had in me been shown.
 Our Passions were so favoured by Fate,
 As if she meant 'em an eternal Date ;
 So kind he look'd, such tender Words he spoke,
 'Twas past belief such Vows should e'er be broke.
 Fix'd on my Eyes, how often would he say,
 He could with Pleasure gaze an Age away ?
 When Thoughts too great for Words had made him mute,
 In Kisses he would tell my Hand his Suit.
 So great his Passion was, so far above
 The common Gallantries that pass for Love,
 At worst, I thought, if he unkind should prove,
 His ebbing Passion would be kinder far
 Than the first Transports of all others are.

Nor

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Nor was my Love or Fondness less than his ;
In him I center'd all my Hopes of Bliss ;
For him my Duty to my Friends forgot,
For him I lost, alas! what lost I not ?
Fame, all the valuable Things of Life,
To meet his Love by a less Name than *Wife* :
How happy was I then, how dearly blest,
When this great Man lay panting on my Breast,
Looking such Things as ne'er can be express !
Thousand fresh Looks he gave me ev'ry Hour,
Whilst greedily I did his Looks devour ;
'Till quite o'ercome with Charms, I trembling lay,
At ev'ry Look he gave, melting away.
I was so highly happy in his Love,
Methought I pity'd them that dwelt Above.

Think then, thou greatest, loveliest, falsest Man,
How you have vow'd, how I have lov'd ; and then,
My faithless Dear, be cruel if you can.
How I have lov'd, I cannot, need not tell ;
No, ev'ry Act has shown I lov'd too well.
Since first I saw you, I ne'er had a Thought
Was not entirely yours ; to you I brought
My Virgin-Innocence, and freely made
My Love an Off'ring to your noble Bed :
Since then you've been the Star by which I steer'd,
And nothing else but you, I lov'd or fear'd.
Your Smiles I only live by, and I must,
When e'er you frown, be shatter'd into Dust.
Oh ! can the Coldness that you show me now,
Suit with the gen'rous Heat you once did show ?

I cannot live on Pity or Respect,
 A Thought so mean would my whole Love infect; }
 Less than your Love I scorn, Sir, to expect.
 Let me not live in dull Indiff'rency,
 But give me Rage enough to make me die;
 For if from you I needs must meet my Fate,
 Before your Pity, I would chuse your Hate.



A very Heroical Epistle in Answer to
 E P H E L I A.

MADAM,

IF you're deceiv'd, it is not by my Cheat,
 For all Disguises are below the Great.
 What Man or Woman upon Earth can say
 I ever us'd 'em well above a Day?
 How is it then that I inconstant am?
 He changes not, who always is the same.
 In my dear Self I center every Thing,
 My Servants, Friends, my Mistress, and my King, }
 Nay, Heav'n and Earth to that one Point I bring.
 Well-manner'd, honest, generous, and stout,
 Names by dull Fools to plague Mankind found out,
 Should I regard, I must my self constrain,
 And 'tis my Maxim to avoid all Pain.

You

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You fondly look for what none e'er could find;
Deceive your self, and then call me unkind;
And, by false Reason, would my Faithless
For 'tis as natural to change, as love.
You may as justly at the Sun repine,
Because alike it does not alway shine.
No glorious Thing was ever made to stay;
My blazing Star but visits, and away:
As fatal too it shines, as those i'th' Skies;
'Tis never seen, but some great Lady dies.
The boasted Favour you so precious hold,
To me's no more than changing of my Gold.
What e'er you gave I paid you back in Bliss;
Then where's the Obligation pray of this?
If heretofore you found Grace in my Eyes,
Be thankful for it, and let that suffice:
But Women, Beggars like, still haunt the Door
Where they've receiv'd a Charity before.
Oh! happy *Sultan*! whom we barb'rous call,
How much refin'd art thou above us all?
Who envies not the Joys of thy *Serail*?
Thee, like some God, the trembling Crowd adore,
Each Man's thy Slave, and Woman-kind thy Whore.
Methinks I see thee underneath the Shade
Of golden Canopy supinely laid,
Thy crowding Slaves all silent as the Night,
But at thy Nod, all active as the Light:
Secure in solid Sloth, thou there dost reign,
And feel'st the Joys of Love without the Pain.

Each Female courts thee with a wishing Eye,
While thou with awful Pride walk'st careless by,
Till thy kind Pledge at last marks out the Dame
Thou fanciest most, to quench thy present Flame:
Then from thy Bed submissive she retires,
And, thankful for the Grace, no more requires.
No loud Reproach, nor fond unwelcome Sound
Of Womens Tongues thy sacred Ear does wound;
If any do, a nimble Mute strait ties
The True-love Knot, and stops her foolish Cries.
Thou fear'st no injur'd *Kinsman's* threat'ning Blade,
Nor Midnight Ambushes by Rivals laid;
While here, with aking Hearts our Joys we taste,
Disturb'd by Swords, like *Democles's* Feast.





An Epistle from B. to Mr. E.

Dreaming last Night on Mrs. Farley,
My ——— was up this Morning early ;
And I was fain, without my Gown,
To rise i'th' Cold to get him down.
Hard Shift, alas ! but yet a sure,
Although it be no pleasing Cure.
Of old, the fair *Ægyptian* Slattern,
For Luxury that had no Pattern,
To fortify her *Roman* Swinger,
Instead of Nutmegs, Mace, and Ginger,
Did spice his Bowls (as Story tells)
With Warts of Rocks, and Spawns of Shells.
It had been happy for her Grace,
Had I been in the Rascal's Place ;
I, who do scorn that any Stone
Should raise my ———, but my own,
Had laid her down on ev'ry Couch,
And spar'd her Pearl and Diamond Brouch,
Until her hot-tail'd Majesty,
Being happily reclaim'd by me,
From all her wild expensive Ways,
Had worn her Gems on Holydays :
But since her ——— has long done itching,
Let us discourse of modern Bitching.

I must entreat you, by this Letter,
 T'enquire for *Whores*, the more the better :
 Hunger makes any Man a Glutton.
 If *Roberts, Thomas, Mrs. Dutton,*
 Or any other Bawd of Note,
 Inform of a fresh Petticoat ;
 Enquire, I pray, with friendly Care,
 Where their respective Lodgings are.
 Some do compare a Man t' a Bark,
 A pretty Metaphor, pray mark,
 And with a long and tedious Story,
 Will all the Tackling lay before ye :
 The Sails are Hope, the Masts Desire,
 'Till they the gentlest Reader tire.
 But howsoe'er they keep a Pudder,
 I'm sure the ——— is the Rudder ;
 The pow'rful Rudder, which of Force
 To Town must shortly steer my Course ;
 And if you do not there provide
 A Port, where I may safely ride,
 Landing in haste, in some foul Creek,
 'Tis ten to one I spring a Leak.

Next, I must make it my Request,
 If you have any Interest,
 Or can by any Means discover
 Some lamentable Rhiming Lover,
 Who shall in Numbers harsh and vile,
 His Mistress, Nymph, or Goddess stile,
 Send all his Labours down to me,
 By the first Opportunity.

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Or any Knights of your Round Table,
To other Scriblers formidable,
Guilty themselves of the same Crime,
Dress Nonsense up in ragged Rhime,
As once a Week they seldom fail,
Inspir'd with Love and Gridiron Ale.

Or any paultry Poetry,
Tho' from the University ;
Who, when the King and Queen were there,
Did both their Wit and Learning spare,
And have (I hope) endeavour'd since
To make the World some Recompence.
Such damned Fustian when you meet,
Be not too rash or indiscreet,
Tho' they can find no just Excuses,
To put 'em to their proper Uses,
The fatal Privy, or the Fire,
Their nobler Foe ; at my Desire,
Restrain your natural Profuseness,
And spare 'em, tho' you have a Looseness.

Mr. E——'s Answer.

AS crafty Harlots use to shrink
From Lechers dos'd with Sleep and Drink,
When they intend to make a Pack,
By filching Sheets, or Shirt from Back ;

So were you pleas'd to steal away
 From me, whilst on your Bed I lay :
 But long you had not been departed,
 When, pinch'd with Cold, from thence I started ;
 Where, missing you, I stamp'd and star'd,
 Like *Bacon*, when he wak'd and heard
 His Brazen Head in vain had spoke,
 And saw it lie in Pieces broke ;
 Sighing, I to my Chamber make,
 And ev'ry Limb as stiff as Stake,
 Unless poor ———, which did feel
 Like slimy Skin of new-stript Eel,
 Or Pudding that Mischance had got,
 And spent itself half in the Pot.
 With Care I cleans'd the sneaking Varlet,
 That late had been in Pool of Harlot :
 But neither Shirt nor Water cou'd
 Remove the Stench of lech'rous Mud.
 The Queen of Love from Sea did spring,
 Whence the best ——— did smell like Ling :
 But sure this damn'd notorious Bitch
 Was made o'th Froth of *Jane Shore's* Ditch ;
 Or else her ——— could never stink
 Like Pump that's foul, or nasty Sink.

When this was done, to Bed I went,
 And the whole Day in Sleep I spent ;
 But the next Morning, fresh and gay,
 As Citizen on Holyday,
 I wander'd in the spacious Town,
 Amongst the Bawds of best Renown :

To Temple, I a Visit made ;
Temple ! the Beauty of her Trade !
The only Bawd that ever I,
For want of Whore, could occupy.
She made me Friends with Mrs. Cuffley,
Whom we indeed had us'd but roughly ;
For by a gentler Way I found,
The Whore would ——— under ten Pound.

So resty Jades, which scorn to stir,
Tho' oft provok'd by Whip and Spur,
By milder Usage may be got
To fall into their wonted Trot.

But what Success I farther had,
And what Discov'ries good and bad,
I made by roving up and down,
I'll tell you when you come to Town.

Farther, I have obey'd your Motion;
Tho' much provok'd by Pill and Potion,
And sent you down some paultry Rhimes,
The greatest Grievance of our Times ;
When such as Nature never made
For Poets, daily will invade
Wit's Empire, both the Stage and Press,
And, which is worse, with good Success.



The second Epistle from B. to Mr. E.

IF I can guess, the Devil choak me,
 What horrid Fury could provoke thee
 To use thy railing scurrilous Wit
 'Gainst — and —, the Source of it;
 For what but — and — does raise
 Our Thoughts to Songs and Roundelays?
 Enables us to *Anagrams*
 And other amorous Flim-flams?
 Then we write Plays, and so proceed
 To *Bays*, the Poets sacred Weed.
 Hast no Respect for God *Priapus*?
 That ancient Story shall not 'scape us:
Priapus was a Roman God,
 But in plain *English*, — and —,
 That pleas'd their Sisters, Wives, and Daughters,
 Guarded their Pippins and Pomwaters;
 For at the Orchard's utmost Entry
 This mighty Deity stood Centry,
 Invested in a tatter'd Blanket,
 To scare the Magpies from their Banquet.
 But this may serve to show we trample
 On Rule and Method, by Example

the Earl of ROCHESTER. 155

Of modern Authors, who, to snap at all,
Will talk of *Cæsar* in the Capitol,
Of *Cynthia's* Beams, and *Sol's* bright Ray,
Known Foe to Butter-milk and Whey,
Which softens Wax, but hardens Clay.
All this without the least Connexion,
Which, to say Truth, 's enough to vex one;
But farewell all Poetick Dizziness,
And now to come unto the Business.

Tell the bright Nymph how sad and pensively,
E'er since we us'd her so offensively,
In dismal Shades, with Arms across,
I sit, lamenting of my Loss;
To *Eccho* I her Name commend,
Who has it now at her Tongue's End,
And, Parrot like, repeats the same;
For should you talk of *Tamburlain*,*
Cuffley she cries at the same Time,
Though the last Accents do not Rhime,
Far more than *Eccho* e'er did yet
For *Phillis* or bright *Amoret*.

With Pen-knife keen, of mod'rate Size,
As bright and piercing as her Eyes,
A glitt'ring Weapon, which would scorn
To pair a Nail, or cut a Corn,
Upon the Trees of smoothest Bark
I carve her Name, or else her Mark,

K 6 Which

* *Tamburlain the Great*; or, *The Scythian Shepherd. A Tragedy. Written 1593, by Christopher Marloe*; an Author cotemporary with *Shakespear*.

Which commonly's a bleeding Heart,
A weeping Eye, or flaming Dart.

Here on a Beech, like am'rous Sot,
I sometimes carve a True-love's Knot;
There a tall Oak her Name does bear,

In a large spreading Character :

I chose the fairest and the best

Of all the Grove ; amongst the rest,

I carv'd it on a lusty Pine,

Which wept a Pint of Turpentine ;

Such was the Terror of her Name,

By the Report of evil Fame ;

Who tired with immod'rate Flight,

Had lodg'd upon its Boughs all Night.

The wary Tree, who fear'd a Clap,

And knew the Virtue of his Sap,

Dropt Balsam into ev'ry Wound,

And in an Hour's Time was found.

But you are unacquainted yet,

With half the Pow'r of *Amoret* ;

For she can drink as well as —,

Her growing Empire still must thrive.

Our Hearts weak Forts we must resign,

When Beauty does its Forces join.

With Man's strong Enemy, good Wine.

This I was told by Lord *O-Brian*,

A Man whose Word I much rely on ;

He still kept Touch, and came down hither

When thou wert scar'd with the foul Weather :

But

But if thou would'st forgiven be,
 Say that a Whore detained thee;
 C——, whose strong Charms the World bewitches,
 The Joy of Kings! the Beggar's Riches!
 The Courtier's Business! Statesman's Leisure!
 The tired Tinker's Ease and Pleasure!
 Of which, alas! I've Leave to prate;
 But oh, the Rigour of my Fate!
 For want of bouncing *Bona Roba*,
Lascivia est nobis pagina vita proba.
 For that Rhime I was fain to fumble:
 When *Pegasus* begins to stumble,
 'Tis Time to rest, *your very humble.*



Mr. E——'s Answer.

SO soft and am'rously you write,
 So well describe the pleasing Fight,
 That were I still in *Lanthorn* sweating,
 Swallowing of *Balus*, or a spitting,
 I should forget each Injury.
 The pocky Whores have offer'd me,
 And only of my Fate complain,
 Because I must from Love abstain;
 All pow'rful Love! whose very Name
 Kindles in me an Amorous Flame!
 Begins to make my —— rise,
 And long again to fight Love's Prize,

Forgetful.

Forgetful of those many Scars
 He has received in those Wars.
 This shows Love's chiefest Magick lies
 In Womens ——— not in their Eyes;
 There Cupid does his Revels keep,
 There Lovers all their Sorrows steep;
 For having once but tasted that,
 Our Miseries are quite forgot.
 This may suffice to let you know,
 That I to Love am not a Foe,
 Though you are pleas'd to think me so.
 'Tis strange his Zeal should b' in Suspicion,
 Who dies a Martyr for's Religion.

But now to give you an Account
 Of CUFFLEY, that Whore-Paramount!
 CUFFLEY! whose Beauty warms the Age,
 And fills our Youth with Love and Rage;
 Who, like fierce Wolves, pursue the Game,
 While secretly the lech'rous Dame
 With some choice Gallant takes her Flight,
 And in a Corner lies all Night;
 Then the next Morning we all hunt,
 To find whose Fingers smell of ———;
 With Jealousy and Envy mov'd
 Against the Man that was belov'd:
 Whilst you within some neighb'ring Grove
 Indite the Story of your Love,
 And with your Pen-knife keen and bright,
 On stately Trees your Passion write;

So that each Nymph that passes through,
Must envy her; and pity you.

We at the *Fleece*, or at the *Bear*,
With good Case-Knife, well whet on Stair,

A gentle Weapon, made to feed
Mankind, and not to make 'em bleed,

A thousand am'rous Fancies scrape :
There's not a Pewter-Dish can 'scape

Without her Name, or Arms, which are
The same that *Love* himself does bear.

Here one, to shew you *Love's* no Glutton,
I'th' Midst of Supper, leaves his Mutton,

And on a greasy Plate, with Care,
Carves the bright Image of the Fair.

Another, though a drunken Sor,
Neglects his Wine, and on the Pot
A Band of naked *Cupids* draws,
With ——— no bigger than Wheat-Straws.

Then on a nasty Candlestick
One figures *Love's Hieroglyphick*,

A *Couchant* ——— and *Rampant* ———,

And that the Sight may more inflame
The Lookers on, subscribes her Name

Cuffley ! her Sex's Pride and Shame :

There's not a Man but does discover,

By some such Action, he's a Lover ;

But now 'tis Time to give her over,

And let your Lordship know you are

The Mistress that employs our Care.

Your

Your Absence makes us melancholy ;
Nor Drink nor Love can make us jolly,
Unless we've you within our Arms,
In whom there dwells diviner Charms.
Then quit with Speed the pensive Grove,
And here in Town pursue your Love ;
Where, at your coming, you shall find
Your Servant glad, your Mistress kind ;
All Things devoted to your Mind. }





ROCHESTER's Farewell.

TIR'D with the noisome Follies of the Age,
 And weary of my Part, I quit the Stage;
 For who in Life's dull Farce a Part would bear,
 Where Rogues, Whores, Bawds, all the chief Actors are?
 Long, I with charitable Malice strove,
 Lashing the Court, these Vermin to remove:
 But thriving Vice under the Rod still grew,
 As aged Lechers whipt, their Lust renew.
 Yet this my Life has unsuccessful been;
 For who can this *Augean* Stable clean?
 My gen'rous End I will pursue in Death,
 And at Mankind rail with my parting Breath.
 First then, the *Tangier* Bullies must appear,
 With open Brav'ry, and dissembled Fear.
Mulg——e, their Head, but Gen'ral have a Care,
 Tho' skill'd in all the Arts that cheat the Fair.
 The undiscerning and impartial *Moor*,
 Spares not the Lovers on the Ladies Score.
 How many perish by one fatal Shot;
 The Conquest's all thy Ogling ever got.

Think

Think then (as I presume you do) how all
 The *English* Beauties will lament your Fall;
 Scarce would a greater Grief pierce ev'ry Heart,
 Should Sir *George Hewit* or Sir *Carr* depart.
 Had it not better been, than thus to roam,
 To stay and tie the Cravat-string at Home?
 To strut, look big, shake Pantaloon, and swear
 With *Hewit*, *Dam-me*, there's no Action there.
 Had'st thou no Friend that would to *Rowley* write,
 To hinder this thy Eagerness to fight?
 That without Danger thou a Brave might'st be,
 As sure to be deny'd as *Shrews*—y.
 This sure the Ladies had not fail'd to do;
 But who this Courage could suspect in you?
 For say, what Reason could with thee prevail,
 To change embroider'd Coat, for Coat of Mail?
 Let *Plimouth*, or let *Mord*—t go, whom Fate
 Has made not valiant, but desperate:
 For who would not be weary of his Life,
 Who's lost his Money, or has got a Wife?
 To the more tolerable Alcaid of *Alcazer*,
 One flies from's Creditor, t'other from *Frazier*. †
 'Twere Cruelty to make too sharp Remarks
 On all the little, forward, fighting-Sparks.
 Only poor *Charles*, I can't but pity thee,
 When all thy pert young Volunteers I see;
 Those Chits in War, who as much Mirth create,
 As the Pair Royal of the Chits of State;
 Their

† The Duke of York's Physician, famous for the Cure of a certain Distemper.

the Earl of ROCHESTER. 163

Their Names shall equal, or exceed in Story,
 Chit *Sund*——d, Chit *Gods*——n, and Chit *L—y*.
 When thou let'st *Plimouth* go, 'twas such a Jest,
 As when thy Brother made the same Request ;
 Had *Richmond* but got Leave, as well as he,
 The Jest had been compleat, and worthy Thee.
 Well, since he must, he'll to *Tangier* advance,
 It is resolv'd ; but first let's have a Dance.
 First, at her Highness Ball he must appear,
 And, in a parting Country Dance, learn there }
 With Drum and Fife, to make a Jigg of War.
 What is of Soldier seen in all the Heap,
 Besides the flutt'ring Feather in the Cap,
 The Scarf, and Yard or two of Scarlet Cloth,
 From Gen'ral *Mulg—e*, down to little *Wroth* ?
 But now they're all embark'd, and curse their Fate,
 Curse *Charles* that gave 'em Leave, and much more *Kate*,
 Who, than *Tangier* to *England* and the King,
 No greater Plague, besides her self, could bring ;
 And wish the *Moors*, since now their Hand was in,
 As they have got her Portion, had the Queen.
 There leave we them, and back to *England* come,
 Where, by the wiser Sparks that stay at Home,
 In safe Ideas, by their Fancy form'd,
Tangier (like *Maeſtricht*) is at *Windſor* storm'd.
 But now we talk of *Maeſtricht*, where is he,
 Fam'd for that brutal Piece of Bravery ?
 He with his thick impenetrable Skull,
 The solid harden'd Armour of a Fool ;

Well

Well might himself to all Wars Ills expose,
 Who (come what will) yet had no Brains to lose.
 Yet this is he, the dull unthinking he,
 Who must (forsooth) our future Monarch be.
 This Fool, by Fools (*Armstrong* and *Ven—n*) led,
 Dreams that a Crown will drop upon his Head ;
 By great Example he this Path doth tread,
 Following such senseless Asses up and down,
 (For *Saul* sought Asses when he found a Crown.)
 But *Ross* * is risen, as *Samuel*, at his Call,
 To tell that God has left th'ambitious *Saul*.
 Never (says Heaven) shall the blushing Sun
 See *Proger's* Bastard fill the Regal Throne.
 So Heaven says ; but *Bran—n* says he shall ;
 But whoe'er he protects, is sure to fall.
 Who can more certain of Destruction be,
 Than he that trusts to such a Rogue as he ?
 What Good can come from him, who *York* forsook,
 T'espouse the Int'rest of this booby Duke ?
 But who the best of Masters could desert,
 Is the most fit to take a Traytor's Part.
 Ungrateful ! This thy Master-piece of Sin,
 Exceeds e'en that with which thou didst begin ;
 Thou great Proficient in the Trade of Hell,
 Whose later Crimes still do thy first excel :
 The very Top of Villainy we seize,
 By Steps in Order, and by just Degrees :
 None e'er was perfect Villain in one Day,
 The murder'd Boy to Treason led the Way.

But

* *The Duke of Monmouth.*

But when Degrees of Villainy we name,
How can we chuse but think on *Buckingham*?
He who through all of them has boldly ran,
Left ne'er a Law unbroke of God or Man.
His treasur'd Sins of Supererogation,
Swell to a Sum enough to damn a Nation :
But he must here by Force be let alone,
His Acts require a Volume of their own ;
Where rank'd in dreadful Order, shall appear
All his Exploits, from *Shrews*—y to *Le Meer*.
But stay, methinks I on a sudden find
My Pen to treat on th'other Sex inclin'd :
But where, in all this Choice, shall I begin ?
Where, but with the renowned *Mazarine* ?
For all the Bawds the Court's rank Soil doth bear,
(And Bawds and Statesmen grow in Plenty there)
To thee submit and yield, should we be just
To thy experienc'd and well-travell'd Lust :
Thy well-known Merits claim that thou should'st be
First in the glorious Roll of Infamy.
To thee they all give Place, and Homage Pay,
Do all thy lecherous Decrees obey ;
Thou Queen of Lust, thy bawdy Subjects They.
While *Sussex*, *Braughall*, *Betty Felton* come,
Thy Whores of Honour, to attend thy Throne :
For what proud Strumpet e'er could merit more,
Than be Anointed the Imperial Whore ?
For tell me, in all *Europe*, where's the Part
That is not conscious of thy lewd Desert ?

The

The great *Pelean* Youth, whose Conquests run
 O'er all the World, and travell'd with the Sun,
 Made not his Valour to more Nations known,
 Than thou thy Lust, thy matchless Lust, hast shown.
 All Climes, all Countries do with Tribure come
 (Thou World of Lewdness) to thy boundless Womb.
 Thou Sea of Lust, that never Ebb dost know,
 Whither the Rivers of all Nations flow.
 Lewd *Messaline* was but a Type of thee,
 Thou highest, last Degree of Lechery :
 For in all Ages, except her and you,
 Who ever sinn'd so high, and stoop'd so low ?
 She to th' Imperial Bed each Night did use
 To bring the Stink of the exhausted Stews ;
 Tir'd (but not satisfy'd) with Man did come,
 Drunk with abundant Lust, and reeling Home.
 But thou to our admiring Age dost show
 More Sin than inn'cent *Rome* did ever know ;
 And having all her Lewdnesses out-ran,
 Tak'st up with Devil, having tir'd Man :
 For what else is that loathsome ugly Black,
 Which you and *Suffex* in your Arms did take ?
 Nor does old Age, which now rides on so fast,
 Make thee come short of all thy Lewdness past :
 Tho' on thy Head grey Hairs, like *Ætna's* Snow,
 Are shed, thou Fire and Brimstone art below.
 Thou monst'rous Thing, in whom at once did rage
 The Flames of Youth, and Impotence of Age.
 My Lady *Har*——t takes the second Place,
 Proud with thy Favour, and peculiar Grace ;

the Earl of ROCHESTER. 167

Ev'n she, with all her Piety and Zeal,
The hotter Flames that burn in thee, does feel.
Thou dost into her kindling Breast inspire
The lustful Seeds of thy contagious Fire :
So well the Spirit and the Flesh agree,
Lust and Devotion, Zeal and Lechery.
Of what important Use Religion's made,
By those who wisely drive the cheating Trade.
As Wines prohibited, securely pass,
Changing the Name of their own native Place ;
So Vice grows safe, dress'd in Devotion's Name,
Unquestion'd by the Custom-house of Fame.
Wherever too much Sanctity you see,
Be more suspicious of hid Villany.
Whos'e'ver's Zeal is than his Neighbour's more,
If Man, suspect him Rogue, if Woman, Whore :
And such a Thing art thou, religious *H—de*,
So very lewd, and yet so sanctify'd.
Let now the Dutchess take no farther Care,
Of num'rous Stallions let her not despair,
Since her indulgent Stars so kind have been,
To send her *Bromley*, *H—de*, and *Mazarine*.
This last doth banish'd *Monmouth's* Place supply,
And Wit supplanted is by Lechery.

For *Monmouth*, she had Parts, and Wit, and Sense,
To all which *Mazarine* has no Pretence ;
A Proof, that since such Things as she prevail,
Her Highness Head is lighter than her Tail.
But stay, I *Portsmouth* almost had forgot,
The common Theme of every Rhiming Sot ;

She'll

168 *The Earl of Rochester's Works.*

She'll after Railing, make us laugh a while ;
 For at her Folly who can chuse but smile ?
 Whilst them who always slight her, Great she makes,
 And so much Pains to be despis'd she takes ;
 Goes saunt'ring with her Highness up to Town,
 To an old Play, and in the Dark comes down ;
 Still makes her Court to her, as to the Queen,
 But still is jostled out by *Mazarine*.
 So much more worthy a kind Bawd is thought,
 Than even she who her from Exile brought.
 Oh ! *Portsmouth*, foolish *Portsmouth*, not to take
 The Offer the Great *Sunderland* did make ;
 When, cringing at thy Feet, e'en *Monmouth* bow'd,
 The Golden Calf, that's worshipp'd by the Crowd.
 But thou for *York*, who now despises thee,
 To leave both him and powerful *Shaftsbury*.
 If this is all the Policy you know,
 This all the Skill in States you boast of so ;
 How wisely did thy Country's Laws ordain,
 Never to let the foolish Women reign !
 But what must we expect, who daily see
 Unthinking *Charles*, rul'd by unthinking thee ?



